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The Red House on Rowan Street

By ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Did he send you?" she asked.

"He raved of you in his delirium. He talked of you incessantly. He has begged me times without number to ask you to come and let him see you for a minute,—for an hour. We pulled him through the fever and the rest of it, but his physical recovery has not restored his mental tone. He will not take up his life in the old way. He vows now that as soon as we let go our present surveillance, he will enlist and get himself sent to the Philippines. I think he means it. And it would be rather a pity, for in his state of health, to go to the Philippines as a common soldier would mean a fairly expeditious form of suicide. It would, beyond the slightest question, break his mother's heart. And she has no one else,—her husband died less than a year ago. Philip's death would mean a rather sad end for a good old family that has written its name in its country's history more than once."

She had dropped her eyes when he began, but at the last word she looked up.

"And what of my family?" she asked. There was a vibrant undertone of suppressed feeling in her voice which made Burton look at her questioningly. Exactly what feeling was it that brought such a challenging light into her eyes? He took refuge in a generalization.

"In America, the families of the high contracting parties come in only for secondary consideration, don't they?" he suggested. "But I have discharged my commission very poorly if I have failed to make you understand that Philip's family is waiting to welcome you with entire love and—respect." In spite of himself, he had hesitated before the last word.

She laughed—a forlorn little laugh that was anything but mirthful; but whatever answer she might have made was interrupted by the sounds of an unusual commotion outside. A woman's excited voice was heard in exclamations that were at first only half distinguishable.

"Oh, doctor, doctor, for the love of heaven what have you been in, now? What have you done to yourself? You're hurt, doctor, I can see that you're hurt!"

"Nonsense, Mrs. Bussey, don't make a fuss," a man's voice answered impatiently.

But the housekeeper who had admitted Burton now rushed into the drawing-room, calling hysterically: "Oh, Miss Leslie, your father is killed!" And thereupon she threw her apron up over her head to render her more effective in the emergency.

She was followed almost immediately by a sufficiently startling apparition,—a powerfully built man of more than middle age, with a keen blue eye and an eager face. But just now the face was disfigured by the blood that flowed freely from a wound on his temple, and he supported himself by the door as though he could not well stand alone.

Leslie ran toward him with a cry.

"Father! Oh, father, what has happened?"

CHAPTER III.

The Highwayman's Mask Is Found.

Burton had jumped to his feet.

"Let me help you to a couch," he said, offering his arm as a support.

"Not into this room," Dr. Underwood sputtered, wincing with pain as he spoke. "Good land, man, do you suppose a man with a sprained ankle who isn't going to be able to walk for the rest of his natural life, and then will have to go on crutches for a while, wants to sit down on one of those spindle-legged chairs that break if you look at them? Get me into the surgery. And Leslie, if you have an atom of filial feeling, you might show him the way instead of standing there like a classical figure of despair on a monument smiling at a bloody temple. I'm ashamed of you. Where's your equanimity? Ouch! Jerusalem! Santa Fe! You don't need to try to carry me, man. I can walk. Leslie, if you haven't any religious scruples against really opening the door while you are about it, perhaps this procession could get through without scraping the skin off its elbows,—"

Burton had slipped his shoulder under the doctor's arm, and, guided by Leslie, he got him through a hall which seemed interminably long, and into a room which he had called the surgery. Burton helped him to the leather couch.

"Get me some hot water," he said in a hasty aside to Leslie, and she quickly left the room.

He stripped off Dr. Underwood's shoe, and began to manipulate the swollen ankle.

"This isn't going to be serious," he said soothingly. "It's merely a strain, not a dislocation. It will be painful for a while,—"

"Will be! Jerusalem, what do you think it is now? You are a doctor."

"No. But I have had some experience with accidents. If you want me to go for a doctor,—"

"You are all I can stand at present, thank you. I know you are a doctor by your confounded nerve. Will be painful! I wish it were your ankle, confound you. And I'll never grumble again when my patients swear at me. I never realized before what a relief it is to swear at your doctor. How did you happen to be here? I suppose it was an accident and not a special dispensation of Providence."

"I was the bearer of a message to your daughter, and so happened to be on hand at the right moment, that's all. My name is Burton,—Hugh Burton, Putney, Massachusetts."

"A message? From whom? What about?"

"There, doesn't that begin to feel more comfortable?"

"Humph! That's a neat way of telling me to mind my own business."

Burton merely laughed. "Let me look at this cut in your temple. So! Any more damages?"

"My little finger was knocked out of joint, but I think I put it back. I guess that's all they had time to get in,—"

"Who?"

The sharp monosyllable made them both start. Leslie had returned with Mrs. Bussy, who was carrying a kettle of hot water; but in her surprise at her father's remark, she was very effectively blocking the way for the timid servant.

"Leslie, your curiosity unfits you for any useful career," her father exclaimed, with a great show of irritation. "Do you suppose Dr. Burton wanted that hot water to mellorate the temperature of the room? If so, it will probably be just as well to keep Mrs. Bussey holding it in the doorway; but if you think he possibly meant to use it as a fomentation,—"

"You needn't think you are going to put me off in that way," said Leslie, making way for Mrs. Bussey. "I am just as sorry as I can be that you are hurt, you know, but that isn't all. I want to know what has happened now."

"Dr. Burton assures me it is merely a strain, though he goes so far as to admit that if I make the worst of it, I may be able to imagine that it hurts. But of course it doesn't really. It will merely be nerves."

"Can I help you with that hot application, Mr. Burton?" Leslie asked.

"Mrs. Bussey can do this. Do you know where to find some court-plaster? And scissors?"

She got the required articles deftly, and watched in silence while he dressed the doctor's temple. Then she asked: "May he talk now?"

"I should not undertake to prevent him."

"Now, father,—"

"Well, those little imps of Satan that live in that tumble-down house on King street, where you went Friendly Visiting,—"

"The Sprigg children?"

"That's the name. They have heard Aristides called the unjust so long that they thought they would throw a stone or two to mark their ennui, but they misunderstood the use of the stone, and so they threw it at me instead of for me—"

"Do you mean to say they stoned you?"

"Oh,' I shouldn't have minded the little devils, but they threw stones at Dolly, and they might easily have broken her leg. That's what made me jump out of the buggy to go after them, because I thought they needed a lesson, but I jumped on one of their infernal stones and it turned my foot and that's how I twisted my ankle. So I got back into the buggy, and was glad I didn't have far to go to get to it. Then I came on home. I never knew that walk from the street to the front door was so long."

"But your face—"

"Oh, that was one of the stones that flew wile of the mark. The little heathen don't know how to throw straight. They ought to be kept under an apple tree with nothing to eat until they learn how to bring down their dinner with the first throw."

Leslie clenched her hands.

"It is outrageous. I don't see how you can treat it so lightly. That they should dare to stone you,—to try deliberately to hurt you, perhaps kill you! Oh, they would never dare if it were not for this shameful, unendurable, wicked persecution!"

"Leslie, after the example which I have always carefully given you of moderation in language,—"

"It is wicked. It is unendruable. I feel as though I were in a net that was drawing closer and closer about me. It is the secrecy of it that makes me wild. If I could only fight back! But to have some one watching in the dark, and not to know who or what it is—to suspect everybodly—"

"Leslie, don't you realize that Dr. Burton will think you delirious if you talk like this? If you are jealous of my temporary prominence as an interesting patient—"

Leslie turned siftly to Burton.

"My father has been made the object of a most infamous persecution by some unknown person. The most outrageous stories are circulated about him, the most unjustifiable things are done—like this. Those children don't go around stoning people in general; they have been put up to it by some one who is always watching a chance—some one who has used them as an instrument for his malice!"

"You must make some allowance for the intemperate zeal of a daughter, Dr. Burton," said Dr. Underwood. A twinge of pain twisted his smile into a grimace. He had a wide, flexible mouth, and when he grinned he looked like a caricature. Burton reflected that a man must be sustained by an unusually strong consciousness of virtue to risk his character on such a grin—or else it was the very mockery of virtue.

"Then you think Miss Underwood overstates the case?" he said thoughtfully. He was glad to have them talk about the matter. It was a curious situation, even without considering its possible effect on Philip's life.

"Well, I have seen too many queer things that turned out to be mere coincidences to be so sure that there is really a conspiracy against me," Underwood said quietly. "Public opinion is a queer thing. It takes epidemics. At present it seems to have an epidemic of suspicion of me. It will probably run its course and recover."

"What form does it take?"

"The latest and for the time being the most embarrassing form is that it takes me for a highwayman. I have been pretty hard up at times, but I confess I never had the originality to think of that method of relieving my necessities. And yet, confound the sarcasm of the idiots, they are determined to give me the discredit without the cash. If I had only got Selby's money—I've no doubt he got it by holding up his customers in his turn—I wouldn't mind these inuendoes so much."

"Oh, well, so long as the grand jury doesn't think it worth mentioning, you can probably afford to take it with equal indifference," said Burton lightly.

But Leslie turned upon him with immediate assent.

"I should much rather have the matter taken up and sifted to the bottom. Then there might be some chance of finding out who is behind all these mysterious happenings. They don't happen of themselves. As it is, there is talk, and suspsicion, and sidelong looks, and general ostracism, and I go around hating everybody, because I don't know whom to hate! Oh, if I were only a man! I would do something!"

"I have done something now, Leslie," said her father. "I have invited a committee to come here this evening and make a search, as those fool bills suggested."

"This evening?"

"Yes. You will have to do the honors, if I am going to be laid up. I don't suppose your mother will care to see them. And Henry is not exactly the one." A shadow passed over his face, and he fell suddenly silent.

"What do you mean by a search, if I may ask?" Burton put in. They were so frank in their attitude, he felt that his interest would not be regarded as an impertinence.

"Why, ever since this rumor went abroad that I had held up Selby, there have been handbills distributed about town—posted up on fences and thrust in doors—urging that my house be searched. It got on Leslie's nerves. So, just to let her see that something was doing, I told them today to come and search, and be hanged to them."

"And they are coming this evening?"

"Yes. That's the plan."

"Is Selby one of them?" asked Burton with sudden interest.

"Oh, yes. He's the one I spoke to about it. I understand he takes an interest in the matter."

"Well, have you made ready for them?"

"What do you mean?" asked Dr. Underwood.

"Have you searched yourself?" laughed Burton.

"I don't understand you," said Dr. Underwood. His tone was stern, and his manner indicated plainly that he considered it a matter of politeness not to understand.

"Mrs. Bussey, may I trouble you to bring some more hot water? This is getting too cold. Thank you." He closed the door behind her and came back to Dr. Underwood's couch. "It seems to me my suggestion is perfectly simple and the reason for it perfectly obvious. Some enemy is urging that your house be searched. I say enemy, because it must be clear that no friend would urge it in that manner. Now, if it is an enemy, he is not doing it for your benefit. He must have an idea that a search would injure you. How could he have that idea unless he knew that it would result in discovering something that, we will say for the sake of argument, he had previously concealed where it would be found at the right time? And here you are walking right into the trap, by inviting a public search without taking the precaution to make a preliminary search yourself."

Leslie had listened with breathless eagerness, never moving her eyes from Burton's face. Now she turned with earnest reproach to her father.

"Now, father!" she said.

Dr. Underwood shook his head impatiently. "Do you mean that you would have me ask them to come here to make a search, and then look the place over first and remove anything that they might think incriminating? That would be a farce. I should be ashamed of myself."

Leslie turned her reproachful eyes upon Burton.

"Of course," she said, with that same earnestness.

Burton laughed. "Why what nonsence! Beautiful nonsence, if you will, but utter nonsence, all the same. According to your own account, you are dealing with some unscrupulous person why is trying to turn suspicion upon you. Why should you help him? He certainly wouldn't be trying to bring about an investigation unless it would help his purpose—assuming that he has the purpose Miss Underwood attributes to him."

Dr. Underwood moved restlessly.

"I should feel mighty cheap," he said. "Do you happen to have one of those handbills you speak about?" asked Dr. Burton.

"There's one on the mantel. Give it to him, Leslie."

Burton crossed to the mantel and picked up the paper. It was a single sheet, typewritten. It read: "Search Underwood's rooms. You will find proof."

"These have been distributed generally?"

"Not many at a time, but a few in one place one night and a few in another place the next night. Every day since that damnable hold-up, I have heard directly or indirectly that some one has received or seen such notice."

Burton's eye wandered around the room.

"When they come, I suppose they will begin here. This is the room where you should be most likely to conceal the evidence of your crimes, I take it. Now, let me consider where you would hide it. There might be a hidding place beneath the bricks in front of the fireplace, or behind some of the loose tiles in back of the mantel. I see that one book has recently been disturbed in that set of medical encyclopedias,—the dust on the shelf shows it. Did you put something behind it?"

Laughlingly he pulled out the volume he had indicated, and with it a handkerchief which had been thrust behind it. He shook it out, and then he laughed no more. There were two holes out in the handkerchief for eyelets, and the wrinkeled corners showed that it had been knotted hard, as a kerchief that had been tied over a man's face would have been.

"Santa Fe!" gasped Dr. Underwood, wrinkling up his face in one of his peculiar grimances. It served to conceal his emotions as effectively as a mask.

Leslie sprang to her feet and stared hard at the rag, with a fascinated look. She had unconsciously clasped her hands together, and there was a look of fright in her eyes.

"Now do you see?" she cried. "That's the sort of thing we have to expect all the time."

Burton crushed the handkerchief in his hand. "A very crude device. Your committe would have to be very special fools to believe that a man would preserve such a damning piece of evidence when there is a fireplace in the room, and matches were presumably within reach. Shall I burn it up?"

"No," said Dr. Underwood suddenly. "Give it to me. I feel in honor bound to show it to the committee and tell them just how and where it was found."

Burton shrugged his shoulders. "I am rather inclined to believe that you need a business manager, my dear Dr. Quixote."

The door opened and the gray-haired woman whom Burton had seen reading in the garden entered the room. Her composure was so insistent that Burton felt suddenly convicted of foolish excitability.

"Mrs. Bussey understood that you had been hurt," she said, going up to the couch and looking down calmly at the doctor.

Dr. Underwood squirmed. "Yes, Angelica, some sin or other has found me out, I suppose, for I have hurt my ankle. This is Mr. Burton, who happened to be on hand to take the place of Providence."

Mrs. Underwood acknowledged Burton's bow with a slight inclination of the head, but with no slightest indication of curiosity. She sat down beside her husband's couch and thoughtfully placed her finger on his pulse.

"Land of the living, Angelica, my ankle hasn't gone to my heart," muttered Dr. Underwood, with some impatience.

Leslie spoke aside to Burton.

"What can we do? It isn't this thing only; this is just an instance. You don't know how horrible it is to have the feeling that some enemy is watching you in the dark. And my father is not practical—you see that. We have no friends left!"

"That is not so," he said quickly.

"You mean that you will help him?" she asked eagerly. "Oh, if you would! There is no one to whom I can turn for advice."

It was not exactly what he had meant, but he recognized at once that it was what he should have meant. If ever there were two babes in the wood, needing the kind attentions of a worldly and unoccupied robin—! Aside from that, if this girl were going to marry into the Overman family, he certainly owed it to Rachel to see that she came with a clean family record, if any efforts that he could make would establish a fact that should have been beyond question from the first.

"Let me be present this evening when this committeee comes," he said, slowly. "I will consider the matter and tell you what I think I can do after I have seen and heard them."

"Stay and dine with us, then," she said quickly. "That will give me a chance to tell you some of the other things that have happened—the things that father would like to call coincidences but that I know are all parts of one iniquitous conspiracy."

"Thank you, I shall be glad to," he answered. "If I am going to undertake this case I certainly want all the facts that have any bearing upon it."

Leslie turned quickly to her mother.

"Mother, Mr. Burton will stay for dinner."

Mrs. Underwood had risen and she turned her calm eyes from her husband to Leslie. "Will he?" she said placidly. Then she drew her shawl about her shoulders and walked out of the room.

Leslie exchanged a look with her father.

"I'll speak to Mrs. Bussey," she said, and with one of her characteristically swift movements she crossed the room and threw open the door which led to the rear of the house.

"Why, Mrs. Bussey," she exclaimed, with surprise and annoyance. That faithful servant, doubtless on the theory that her further attendance might be required, had been crouching so close to the door that the sudden opening of it left her sitting like a blinking mandarin in the open doorway. She rose somewhat stiffly to her feet and turned a reprioachful look upon her young mistress. Leslie shut the door with some emphasis as she went out to the housekeeper's domain.

Dr. Underwood laughed softly.

"Poor old soul, it's hard on one with such an appetite for news to get nothing but the crumbs that float through the keyhole. I'm mighty glad that you are going to stay, Doctor."

"Thank you. But your giving me that title makes me uncomfortable. I am not a physician. I'm afraid I am not much of anything but a dilettante."

"You are a good Samaritan to come to the rescue of the outcast," said the doctor. "Perhaps you didn't know what an outcast I am—or did you?" he added keenly, warned by some subtle change in Burton's face.

"On the contrary, I thought when I saw your patience to your servant that you were the good Samaritan," said Burton quickly. This old man was so sharp that it was dangerous to think before him.

The doctor's manner changed. "The poor woman is a fool, but she can't help that," he said. "We keep her for the sake of her son. Ben is a cripple—paralyzed from a spinal injury. He has no other home. Are you to be in High Ridge for some time?"

"That will depend on circumstances. By the way, Miss Underwood has asked me to be present this evening when the committee comes. If you have any objection—"

Dr. Underwood looked quietly at the young man for a moment before replying. When he spoke, it was with courtesy in his tone, but he made no apology for his hesitation.

"Not in the least. You will put me under further obligations by staying. Anyhow, if Leslie has asked you to stay, I know my place too well to object. Did you meet Leslie in Washington?"

"I never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Underwood before, but I have heard a great deal of her from my friend, Philip Overman."

"Oh!" said Dr. Underwood, with a keen look. Then he threw his head back, closed his eyes and murmured: "I am glad you arrived in time to meet the other investigating committee in active operation, Mr. Burton. The theatrical attractions in High Ridge are dull just now."

"I am finding High Ridge anything but dull," said Burton, ignoring the covert thrust of that "other." "And I can see possibilities of much entertainment here. For instance, in investigating your investigating committee, while your investigating committee is investigating you."

He laughed as he spoke, little guessing how far afield the pursuit of that entertainment was going to carry him.

CHAPTER IV

The Curious Experiences of the Underwood Family.

It was a curious meal, that dinner. Burton often thought afterwards that in all the varied experiences of his life, and he had had a good many, first and last, he had never met at one time, and under circumstances of such sudden and peculiar intimacy, four people so unusual. Dr. Underwood had been helped to a couch in the dining room, and had his dinner from an invalid's table. His eager face, with its keen blue eyes and flexible mouth, was so vividly alert that no one could forget him for a moment, whether he spoke or was silent. When he laughed, which was often, he wrinkled his face into a mask. For a simple device, it was the most effective means imaginable for concealing an emotion.

Mrs. Underwood presided at her own table with the detached air of a casual guest. "Mistress of herself, though china fall," Burton murmured to himself as he looked at her; and he had an intuition that the china would quite frequently be exasperated into falling by her calm. Henry sat mostly silent with downcast eyes, though occasionally he would look up, under half lifted lids, with an expression of scorn or secret derision. If he had shown more animation or kindliness, he would have been a handsome man; but the heavy melancholy of his look had drawn bitter lines about his mouth, and his very silence seemed half reproachful, half sullen.

As for Leslie, the only discomposing thing about her was her beauty. Every time that Burton looked at her, it struck him anew as incongruous and distracting that she should hand him the bread or have an eye to his needs. She should have been kept in a case or a frame. She belonged in a palace, where she would have due attendance and ceremony. Well, Philip had not been such a fool, after all.

"Now I am going to begin my story," said Leslie, "because I want Mr. Burton to understand what lies back of this present persecution. The story goes back six years."

Henry gave his sister one of his slow, curious looks, but dropped his eyes again without putting his silent comment into words.

"Six years ago we were kept in hot water all one summer by some malicious person who played mischevious pranks upon us, wrote anonymous letters to us and about us. For instance, there were letters warning people to be on their guard against papa, saying that he had learned from the Indian medicine men how to put spells on people and make them wither away and die."

"If I could have done half the wonders they credited me with," laughed Dr. Underwood, "I would have out-Hermanned Hermann and out-Kellered Keller. Indian fakirs and black magicians wouldn't have been in it with Roger Underwood, M. D. It was like accusing a man who was shoveling dirt for one-twenty-five a day of having enough money to pay the national debt concealed in his hat band."

"Then there were a lot of letters about Henry," Leslie went on. "They would say, for instance: 'Henry Underwood is a liar.' 'Henry Underwood is a thief.' Henry Underwood ought to be in the penitentiary.' All one summer that kept up."

Henry had dropped his knife and fork and sat silent, without looking at his sister. His face was the face of one who is nerving himself to endure torture.

"Were there any accusations of the other members of the family?"

"No. Only Henry and father."

"Who received the letters? Friends of yours? Or enemies?"

"They were sent to the tradesmen and the more prominent people in town. We heard of them here and there, but probably didn't know about all that were received. I remember more clearly than anything else how angry I was at some of the tricks."

"There was something more than these anonymous letters, then?"

The doctor frowned, but Leslie answered readily.

"Yes. The letters continued at odd times all through the summer, but there were other things happening at the same time. For instance, one day, an advertisement appeared in the paper saying that Dr. Underwood offered 50 cents apiece for all the dogs and cats that would be brought him for the purpose of vivisection. Now, papa does not practice vivisection—"

"He does not now," Mrs. Underwood interrupted, with impressive deliberation, "but I am not at all sure that he never did. And as I have said before, if he was ever guilty of that abominable wickedness, at any time or under any circumstances, he richly deserved all the annoyance that advertisement brought upon him."

Dr. Underwood wrinkled up his face in a grimace, but made no answer.

"Well, he doesn't now, and he didn't six years ago," Leslie resumed pacifically, "but it was hard to convince people of that. You should have seen the place the next day! Farmers, street boys, tramps, all sorts of rough people kept coming here with cats and dogs of all kinds,—oh, the forlorn creatures! And when papa refused to buy them, the people were angry and threatened to have him arrested for not carrying out his agreement. And all the ministers and the women's societies called on him to remonstrate with him for such wickedness, and when he said that he had not had anything to do with the advertisement, they showed plainly that they thought he was trying to crawl out of it because he had been caught. Oh, it was awful."

"Did you make any attempt to find out how the advertisement came to the paper, Doctor?"

Dr. Underwood shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, they showed me the order. It had come by mail, with stamps enclosed to pay for the insertion. The dunderheaded fools hadn't had sense enough to guess that when a physician wants 'material' he doesn't advertise for it in the morning paper."

"Under the circumstances, Roger," said Mrs. Underwood gravely, "your flippancy is not becoming."

"It certainly was a neat scheme, if the object was to embarrass you, Doctor. What else, Miss Underwood?"

"One day every grocer in town appeared at the door with a big load of household supplies,—enough to provision a regiment for a winter. They had all received the same order,—a very large order, including expensive and unusual things that they had had to send away for. And of course they were angry when we wouldn't take any of the things. They said that after that they would accept no orders unless we paid for them in advance, and that was sometimes embarrassing, also!"

"Were the orders received by mail, as in the other cases?"

"I believe they were."

"Did you get any of the original papers? And have you preserved them?"

"No, I didn't preserve them," said Dr. Underwood. "You see, the disturbance was only a sporadic one. It stopped, and I dismissed the matter from my mind. I didn't realize that Leslie had stored so many of the details in her memory. I think she attaches too much importance to them."

(To Be Continued.)

Some Starters and How They'll Fly From Chicago to New York

Captain Thomas S. Baldwin — Eugene Ely — Tod Schriver — Glenn H. Curtiss — Chas F. Willard — J. C. Mars

From Chicago to New York by air for a prize of $25,000 will be the next sensation in aeroplane circles. The contest, which is to be given under the auspices of newspapers in the two cities, will start Oct. 8 and the participants are to be allowed 7 days to finish. An unlimited number of stops will be permitted and while the contestants must use the machine in which the start is made, the privilege of making repairs will be given

Among the entrants are Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, Charles F. Willard, Charles K. Hamilton, J. A. D. McCurdy, Joe Seymour, Tod Schriver, Eugene Ely, Dr. William Green, James Radley, J. C. Mars and Augustus S. Post. Although Glen H. Curtiss is not expected to enter, he will give exhibition flights at Cleveland during the race.

There will be many a stiff neck in Toledo about Oct. 10 when the bird men are expected to soar over the city. Starting at Chicago, the fliers will pass over Hammond, Valiparaiso, LaPorte, Goshen, Kendallville, Waterloo, Bryan, Toledo, Fremont, Bellevue, Norwalk Cleveland, Erie and Buffalo. Taking up the route of the New York Central, the air navigators will cross Central New York, over the Mohawk Valley to Albany, when they will work down the Hudson to New York. The route may vary somewhat but in the main, the racers will follow the course of the Lake Shore and New York Central railways. Careful tab is to be kept of the contestants by telegraph and Toledo people will get a good idea when to turn their eyes skyward.

The Sky Pirate.

By CARRETT P SERVISS

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CHAPTER XV.

A Night Attack and an Exciting Chase.

The Eagle had resumed her position on the opposite side of the little lake from the lodge, and directly facing the entrance of the latter. I could see the dim forms of the other aeros silently waiting in their places and no light showing about them. The Eagle, from her position, was the only one that might be seen from the lodge, but, covered by the shadows of the tall trees, the tops of many of which rose above us, I was confident that we would not be noticed as long as we did not move, especially since it was evident that Payton felt so secure that he was keeping no watch—at least, for enemies in the air.

Now we held a consultation in whispers. Occasionally we caught glimpses of forms moving in the building. They had taken no pains to close the shutters, and we could see three men who passed at irregular intervals before the windows.

"If I knew which was the pirate I would direct you to shoot him down from here," said the secretary, "but we might make a mistake."

Suddenly Ethan Haight, who, in his eagerness, had ventured to leave his gun and arproach us, touched me on the arm.

"There's the Chameleon, lootenant!" he said, pointing.

It was a fact. Faintly visible in the gloom, her form revealed by the light from behind, the famous aero lay on her cradle at the shore of the lake.

Ethan touched me again.

"Say the word, lootenant, an' I kin send a shell into her thet'll put her out o' commission. Then how's he goin' to git away?"

It seemed a good idea, but I felt bound to consult Mr. Grantham.

"It might be the best thing to do," he said, "if you were sure of hitting a vital spot. But in the darkness I'm doubtful of that."

"It's a resky shot, sir," put in Ethan, "but if you'll let me try it I'll bet a Connecticut cigar that the Chameleon'll not fly ag'in for a while."

But Mr. Grantham shook his head.

"A better way," he whispered, "would be to drop silently down across the lake and seize her where she lies."

"But they would see us approach."

"Suppose they do? We could get there ahead of them, and at a signal the other aeros would be upon them."

After a little further whispering we finally settled upon this plan, against my better judgment and greatly to the disappointment of Ethan Haight, who went off grumbling. As it turned out, Ethan's idea was the best.

In dead silence, I got the men all ready for a rush the moment we should reach the side of the Chameleon; and then, rising a little, to clear the shafts of light from the windows, we began cautiously to cross the lake. We were about half-way across, and had dropped nearer the water, and I prospective success, when a flash like blue lightning came from the Chameleon, followed by the loud whish of an electric gun, which blended with a sharp, splintering report as a shell struck the Eagle.

We were upset by the shock, and the Eagle veered from her course, her nose shooting up in the air, while one of her aeroplanes dipped and swept the water like a broken wing. In an instant another shell came, which also struck us, ripping up a part of the deck and narrowly missing her motors.

We were the surprised party, and surprised with a vengeance! Payton, as we afterward learned, always had a crew aboard the Chameleon; and even when they were in their "home port" they did not altogether relax their vigilance. The watch had caught sight of us approacing across the lake—they had been totally unaware of our presence in the neighborhood—and, having two excellent electric guns, of the same caliber as ours, they had made prompt use of them, to our intense astonishment as well as our very serious damage.

Luckily nobody aboard us was hit, but the damage done was sufficient to render the Eagle virtually unmanageable.

The noise produced an immediate effect upon the people in the lodge. There were the sounds of running to and fro, doors were slammed, agonized screams reached our ears, and in an incredibly brief time we saw three men dragging two women down the short path from the building to the Chameleon.

"For God's sake," cried the secretary, "do something, quick! Payton is running away with his prisoners."

But we were powerless to interfere, the Eagle hovering and dipping like a wounded bird over the lake, and refusing to answer her helm. We could not even return the fire, for neither of our guns could be brought to bear; and, if they could have been, we might have killed the prisoners as they were carried aboard. It was this consideration that led me to refrain from ordering the small arms to be used, for they could have had no effect in stopping the Chameleon.

I managed to signal the other aeros to close in. I doubt if they noticed the signals, but they endeavored to close just the same. I saw the blue flashes of their guns as they swept down over the trees to the lake, but the shells exploded in the forest beyond, and a minute later the Chameleon rose like a frightened hawk in short, swift spirals, making straight up into the darkening heavens.

The Skylark, which I recognized by her rig, darted after her, and I saw several shots fired, but evidently without effect; and the Chameleon, suddenly changing her ascent to a horizontal course, rushed away with amazing speed, while the Skylark continued to chase her. The other three moved confusedly about, and I shouted to the Osprey to drop down by us.

"Here," I said to Lieutenant Osborn, her commander, "take charge of the Eagle and beach her. I'll take the Osprey with my crew, and you can transfer yours to the Eagle. Quick now!"

The transfer was effected in less than five minutes, and immediately I rose out of the shadow of the trees, commanding the Crow and the Bobolink to follow me at full speed. Mr. Grayman, and the secretary, of course, accompanied me aboard the Osprey.

The Puckerless Persimmon.

Ohio State Journal.

It is reported the agricultural department is engaged in an effort to take the pucker out of the persimmon. What a fool purpose that is! The pucker is notice to the holder of a persimmon that it is not fit to eat, for he may eat what he shouldn't, if the pucker is taken out.

Our good Mother Nature has arranged this business in the wisest manner. When the persimmon is about to become fit to eat, she sends her lively little errand-boy, Jack Frost, among the persimmon trees, to pull out the puckers, and so quietly and completely does he accomplish the little mission, that one can pick up a persimmon after he has visited it and eat it with as much joy as if it was a little ambrosia from the table of the gods.

Like persimmons? Well, we should say so. They have a sweetness different from that of any other fruit; a modest sweetness, bestowed by the dew, when the whippoorwill sang in the moonlight and the night wind came out of the valley to pet it. It is nature's owniest child, and whoever loves nature must love the persimmon, after Jack Frost has taken the pucker out, but not long after.

Brothers in the Navy.

The Bluejacket.

Not long ago we mentioned the enlistment of three brothers in the navy on the same date and that they were under training at Newport. Since then the navy department has issued an order that these brothers shall be kept together while under training and transferred to the same ship. It will be interesting to learn how long it will be possible to keep them together. It has been noticed that the navy department is always willing to stretch a point to keep brothers together in the service or help one to reach a ship on which a near relative is already serving.

Taking Paris to London's Busy Strand.

London Daily Graphic.

Apple scented September will have hardly come to an end before the countryside flowers which now lend a rural touch to the two or three acres of waste ground in the Strand will disappear under the picks and shovels of the laborers employed to prepare the site for the palace of French Arts and Industries. In October the long lease which the London County Council have granted to the promoters of the enterprise commences, and at present Ernest Gerard, the architect and originator of the scheme, is busily engaged in making arrangements for the important work. The Aldwych Island project emanated from the Anglo-French agreement of 1904, and although it will of course be a commercial concern, at the same time it is intended to promote a closer relationship with our cross-Channel neighbors. However effective the present oasis in the Strand might be to some, certainly the magnificent buildings which are to be erected on the island will appeal to all. One of the finest thoroughfares in the metropolis will be created by the conversion.

Bobbie's Prayer.

National Magazine.

Naturally every congressman has the brightest boy that ever lived, and one extraordinary child had been taught to incorporate dutifully in his prayer a sentence expressing the desire of his heart.

One day Bobbie insisted that prayers were no good. A baby brother had arrived in the home, and an effort was made to impress Bobbie with the delight he should feel in having a little playmate, who, perhaps was brought in response to his petitions.

"Naw," exclaimed Bobbie in supreme disgust, "I been praying for a dog that could run around and follow me and bark and do something—not a red baby that squalls."

Parents Still Growing Old.

Judge.

Paul Morton, the president of the Equitable Life, was speaking to a gathering of insurance men on the humor of application blanks.

"In filling out a blank recently a man in Ohio put after the 'age of his father, if living,' 120 years, and after 'age of mother, if living,' 110 years. The agent was a little surprised and started an investigation of his own. In answer to inquiries the applicant said that both father and mother had died several years before, but 'if living,' would be at the ages given."

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It was a desperate move, but the only thing to be done, as the Eagle had become utterly unmanageable.

When we had attained a considerable elevation, we caught sight of the chase far off to the north, the heavens yet retaining a twilight glow. The Skylark was far in the rear, but keeping nobly at her work, and occasionally firing a gun, to which there was no response.

The revenue fliers were all built on the same general plan, so that I ran no risk of confusion or uncertainty for my men in transferring them. I wanted my own crew, because I knew every man of them like a book, and particularly I wanted Ethan and the engineer. I should have liked to give Ethan his own gun, but, of course, when every second was precious, no transfer of armament could be thought of. As soon as the chase was located I ordered top speed, and then took Mr. Grayman and the secretary into the cabin for a consultation. They were greatly cast down by the unfortunate turn that the affair had taken, particularly the billionaire, who fairly groaned.

"He's run off with Helen, and now he'll kill her! Oh, why did we undertake this?"

Mr. Grantham evidently felt that the responsibility rested on him, and he showed no disposition to shirk it. Neither was he altogether discouraged, and he started to inspirit his friend.

"Don't take it that way, Grayman," he said. "All's not ended yet. We surely began well. We have smoked the fox out, which is an immense thing in itself. Now, we've got him on the run, and we'll catch him. Trust Allan for that."

"Gentlemen," I said respectfully, "pardon me for saying that we have no time now for talk of this kind. It is not for that that I invited you into the cabin. Mr. Grantham, you have done me the honor to put me in command. If I am to succeed from this time forth, I must be unhampered. I wanted to ask you, Mr. Secretary, if you would be willing to leave me in absolute control. I have hitherto felt that I ought to consult you in critical moments. I do not want to do that in the future. Our only chance is in having a single responsible commander and no divided counsels."

"You are entirely right," exclaimed the secretary. "I believe it's my fault that Payton got off. From this moment you are in absolute control. I'll simply be a spectator."

Mr. Grayman said nothing, and I was greatly gratified.

"That's all I wanted, Mr. Grantham," I said. "And now to work."

I went immediately on deck, the others following. I was delighted to perceive that the Chameleon was still visible, though dim in the distance, with the Skylark doggedly churning after her and yet firing from time to time. Close behind us rushed the Crow and the Bobolink. I visited the engineer.

"Jim, do you know the Osprey's motors?" I asked.

"I've been aboard her often," he said, "and I know her whole make up pretty well."

"What is her best speed?"

"Jack (the regular engineer of the Osprey) often told me he had made a hundred and thirty miles."

"See if you can't work it up to a hundred and forty."

"I don't believe it's possible," replied Jim, "but I'll bust her if you say so."

"I don't say 'bust her,' but I say see what is the best that's in her."

"Oh, if I only had the Eagle!" he responded.

"No use wishing for what you can't have. Now, go at it and make her spin."

The Osprey certainly had never been made to reveal her full powers before. In ten minutes I was surprised at the speed we were making. The sharp, steady swish of the aeroplanes as we cut the air was inspiring to listen to. The wind of our passage struck us in gusts from right and left and made us cling to the supports.

By this time the moon, approaching its last quarter, had well risen, and added her silvery glimmer to the twilight glow, enabling us more clearly to make out the chase with our glasses. We were dropping the Crow and the Bobolink, and I signaled them to do better, but evidently they were already doing their best—for they had not my engineer—and gradually they fell farther astern. Then I signaled them to by no means lose sight of us, and on we went.

It was a strange sight as the moon rose higher and higher and her beams overspread the wild landscape below us. Occasionally we saw the glitter of a lake lying in the wilderness, framed by the woods. Sometimes open spaces appeared, but no cultivated clearings. We were too high to hear the night voices of the forest.

The Skylark was supposed to be, next to the Eagle, the fastest flier in the fleet, but now we were plainly overhauling her. Jim was giving us every inch of speed that the motors contained, and the Osprey must have been surprised at herself. I began to doubt if even the Eagle could have done better. It is sometimes as much the man as the engine that counts, and Jim I knew to be the best in the service for his job.

It was half after two o'clock in the morning, and the northeastern heavens were beginning to lighten when we passed the Skylark, close at hand, so that I could call across to her commander. Of course I did not slacken speed.

"Grimes!" I shouted. "Can't the Skylark beat the Osprey?"

"She always used to," he called back, "but, by Jove, you must have bewitched that aero! Where's Osborn?"

"I changed fliers with him after the Eagle was disabled, and I've got my own crew, with the secretary, aboard here. It's my engineer who is doing this. See if you can't stir yours up to a little livelier work. We mustn't let Payton escape; he's got his prisoners with him."

"You don't say so!" cried Grimes. "I saw that you were disabled, and I simply put out after him, but I didn't know he had the prisoners."

"Well, he has them, but we're going to get them—and him. The Crow and the Bobolink are coming up astern. Don't wait for them, but follow me as fast as you can. I can't give any more definite orders now, except not to lose sight of us."

Already, during this conversation, we had drawn away from the Skylark, and Grimes called out after me:

"By Jove, though! I never saw such a transformation! If you keep that up you'll catch the Chameleon sure."

"We'll keep it up or die," I shouted back.

Indeed it was a marvel. I believe that every moment Jim was finding out new points about those motors that their regular handler had never dreamed of. The indicator showed that we were now making 139.7 miles per hour. I had never quite equaled that with the Eagle.

Going north we were running into earlier daylight, and in a little while the sky began to show blue. During the night it had, at all times, been far more difficult to detect the Chameleon than the Skylark, not only because of her greater distance, but also because of her dusky color. In fact, we probably never would have sighted her after we rose from the lake had not the Skylark served as a guide to the eye. Now, as the sky turned blue, she shifted her color to correspond, and it required the utmost diligence with the strongest glass to keep her in view.

When day came we saw, off to the west, a great expanse of water and a long shore running northward. I pointed it out to Mr. Grayman and the secretary, both of whom had followed my example in not taking a wink of sleep.

"That's Hudson Bay," I said.

Mr. Grayman seemed greatly surprised.

"Can it be possible?" he exclaimed. "Oh, what a terrible experience this has been!"

Mr. Grantham took the announcement more cheerfully.

"I guess the fellow is making for the North Pole," he said laughing. "If you can discover the Pole, Allan, as a side issue, of this chase, your reputation will be established."

"I'll go to the Pole if he does," I replied. "He's never going to shake me off, let him go where he will."

"But what is your plan?" broke in Mr. Grayman. "How are you going to capture him?"

"I've got no plan yet," I replied, unconsciously imitating the style of Chief Braman. "I've got to wait for developments. The only thing at present is to keep him in sight. But I've got an idea. It seems to me that, luckily for us, he has chosen the very worst course he could have taken. Perhaps he took it merely by chance, not knowing that we had several swift aeros at hand and that he would be so persistently followed. But, anyhow, by running directly north he must finally arrive at a point where he will have to turn. He can't seriously think of taking refuge in the Arctic snows. He knows that he could get no supplies of any kind there, and when his power was exhausted he would be in a box. The longer he goes on the way he is doing the sharper his turn will have to be and the greater the advantage to us. Suppose he should start off at a right angle to his present course, east or west, then we could approach him along a diagonal and get nearer."

"That's true enough," said the secretary; "but if he edges off gradually you would hardly gain anything, and he would soon have you in his wake again."

"I don't see how he can edge off here," I replied. "He may, it is true, run for Alaska, but on reaching there I believe his power would be nearly exhausted and he could find no supply."

"And you would be no better off."

"Yes, I should be better off, for I could take power from the other aeros."

"If they come up in time."

"They'll not be so far behind. The slowest of them loses less than 10 miles an hour. That would mean only an hour behind time after 14 or 15 hours' run. If we can run him out of power we've got him."

I should say that the electric storage batteries now in universal use had, at that time, only recently been perfected, but they were carried by all crack aeros. An aero of the size of the Chameleon or the Osprey could, on account of the marvelous lightness and compactness of their batteries, carry enough for a run of 6,000 or 8,000 miles, or even double those distances, if going at a very moderate speed. But as soon as the pace was forced, the consumption of power was enormously increased.

But Payton was not such a fool as I had hastily assumed. He knew what he was about, and how to turn when he wanted to. In the course of the morning, while Mr. Grayman, the secretary and I were taking a much needed nap, Ethan Haight, to whom I had entrusted the delicate duty of keeping sight of the Chameleon while I slept, awoke me in my berth.

"Lootenant," he exclaimed excitedly, "the Chameleon has dropped!"

"Dropped? What do you mean?"

"She's gone down, sir, like a chunk o' lead. I just had her stiddy in the glass when she rounded to an' flutter-ed down out o' sight."

I jumped from my berth and ran with Ethan to the outlook.

"Where did she go down?" I demanded.

"Jest in line o' that hummock."

"This side of it?"

"I reckon so, but it's hard to say."

I had expected some such maneuver during the night, but I was not prepared for it now. The first thought that came to me was that Payton must have another hiding place here, and that he had dropped into it.

"We'll hold the course for that point," I said, "and not slacken speed."

Glancing astern, I saw the Skylark, and ran up a signal for her to hasten. I calculated that the "hummock" was 20 miles off. We should be there in about eight minutes.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Fight Near the Clouds.

I awoke both the secretary and Mr. Grayman as soon as the new situation developed, and they came out on deck. Mr. Grantham immediately fell in with my opinion.

"The rascal has another port there," he said. "I wish the other aeros would come up."

"The Skylark," I replied, "will soon be here, but we cannot wait for her. Payton has either run out of power, or he means to make a stand. We are, so close upon him that he will have to escape under our guns; and if I know Ethan Haight's style of shooting, the fellow won't run far."

"But remember, sir, my daughter is aboard," broke in Grayman. "Her life must not be endangered."

"Surely not," I replied. "Yet, you see yourself that some risk must be taken. What I shall try to do is to disable the Chameleon. A shell into her motors, or the breaking of one of her aeroplanes, would do it."

"But then she might be precipitated to the ground."

But she is not likely to. She would flutter down, if she fell at all, like a wounded bird. Remember how the Eagle behaved last night, and she was badly hit. Then, of course, Payton has parachutes, and he would save his prisoners in that way."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the secretary. "He would probably think only of saving his own neck. But really, Grayman, the danger of a tumble is slight. In the battle above the English channel, between the French and British aero squadrons, during the last war, thirty fliers were completely disabled—shot to pieces, as far as any further utility as fighting machines was concerned—but not one of them fell into the water. All succeeded in skimming to land on one side or the other."

"If we can," said I, "we'll stop him before he can get afly."

"You think he is on this side of the hummock?" asked the secretary.

"Ethan thinks so, but is not sure. We'll have to look closely now."

While we were talking we had drawn up within a couple of miles of the hummock, which was a round hill, covered with timber and rising to a height of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet out of a broad, level plain, where there were few trees, and vegetation of all kinds, except grass, was scanty. I now slowed up, for I didn't want to run into an ambush. Seeing nothing suspicious in the vicinity of the hill from our side, I concluded to circle it, keeping a good offing and a sharp outlook. I had descended gradually while approaching, and we were now not over one hundred feet above the ground. I swung round, first on the east, and then on the north. Still nothing was in sight, and we all began to feel anxious.

"Confound the fellow!" exclaimed the secretary. "Where can he have gone? He must have a hole in the ground."

"Perhaps he is among the timber on the hill," I said, and upon this thought I ordered the steersman to rise, at the same time turning inward. We had not risen more than fifty feet when Ethan Haight shouted:

"There he goes!"

"Where?" cried Mr. Grantham and I in a breath, running to Ethan's side as he stood by his gun in the bow.

"Low down a'most a' t'other side o' the hummock," replied Ethan, pointing; "he's as green as a grasshopper, but I kin sight 'im."

And Ethan began to manipulate his gun.

It was several seconds before I succeeded in catching sight of the Chameleon which, verily, as Ethan had said, was as green as a grasshopper and as hard to spy against the verdure that covered the plain, for she was running almost in contact with the ground. If we had not edged round the hill toward the west so quickly he would probably have got clean away, under the shelter of the hill, before we could have seen him.

Payson's ruse was so simple, and yet so perfectly executed, that it made me redden with vexation. Why he had not tried a similar game during the night I could not imagine, unless he thought that he could easily distance us, and gave up that idea after he found that the Osprey was hanging on after daylight. He had merely dropped down on the hither side of the wooded hill, a lone elevation in the midst of the plain, changing his color, crept round the base of the hill, keeping opposite us, whom he could doubtless see through the tree tops all the while; and, when he found himself on the southern side and we on the northern, had stolen away like a slinking fox.

Now he was off for the south at the top of his speed. Already he was fully three miles away and gaining distance at every stroke.

"For heaven's sake, Ethan," I shouted, "why don't you fire?"

"I'm drawin' a bead," replied the gunner; and, as he spoke, the blue glare leaped from the muzzle. There being no smoke, we could see the flight of the little projectile, which was polished like a billiard ball. He used a solid shot on account of the extreme range. It rose in a flat curve, chased the retreating aero, overtook it in a few seconds, and we believed we could see a few splinters fly.

"Hurrah!" I cried. "Give him another."

Ethan immediately fired again, but the first shot had been made at the utmost reach of the gun; and we could see, all too plainly, that the second fell short. The Chameleon showed no sign of being seriously hurt, though I was confident that the first shot had touched. In a moment she defiantly waved a black flag, and kept on her course.

In the meantime, the Skylark was coming up several points eastward of the runaway. She was running high, and I doubted whether she would see the Chameleon or notice our shots. I signaled her, but she made no reply. But presently, to my delight, I saw her alter her course to head Payton off. Then I detected the flash of her guns in quick succession. The two were now not more than a mile and a half apart, and the shots ought to tell.

This time Payton, who had not returned our shots, was more pugnacious. He instantly answered the Skylark's fire, and then they went at it, hammer and tongs, using shells, and the Chameleon all the while edging westward.

It was an exciting spectacle, and we watched it in breathless expectation. I fervently prayed that the Skylark's shells might reach a vital point, but, eagerly as I watched, I could not see that they did any damage. We could see them explode on the ground away beyond the Chameleon. Ethan was beside himself.

"The blasted lubbers!" he cried. "They ought to hit a crow at that range."

Still the firing went on, as we could tell by the faint blue flashes and the rocketlike explosion; but, to my dismay, I saw that it was only the Chameleon's shells that reached their object. She kept low, and the Skylark gradually descended. Suddenly the latter almost turned turtle, then righted herself, and began to swing around with drooping wings, and finally, in slow, eddying circles, dropped to the earth!

It was all over with her, as far as the fight was concerned, and everything now again depended upon us, unless the Crow and the Bobolink should come up in time to aid us. I scanned the horizon and the sky to the southward, but could catch no glimpse of them.

"They've lost us in the night," I exclaimed bitterly.

But I was not going to give up. We had run directly over the hill, and I had called on my engineer to outdo all his previous efforts. And he certainly did! The Chameleon did not appear to gain an inch on us. Of course, we could not stop to look after the Skylark. I signalled to inquire what the damage was, and Grimes replied, and I could imagine the woeful tone in which he would have spoken the words: "Used up. Right forward aeroplane smashed."

"Anybody killed?"

"Two men."

"Can you repair and limp home?"

"Yes, I think so."

"The Crow and the Bobolink are coming. Detain the Bobolink to aid you, and send the Crow after us."

Then I turned again to the work before us. Mr. Grayman, utterly cast down and looking very miserable, was moping about the deck.

"Suppose you take him into the cabin and try to cheer him up," I said to the secretary. "I'm not in despair yet by any means."

"Good for you, my boy," he responded heartily. "I've put a big stake on you, and I have no notion of your failing."

"I won't fail," I replied.

And I really felt that I wouldn't. I'd die first. Somehow the image of that poor girl, whom I had never seen, was becoming more and more clearly imprinted on my mind. I began to feel a personal interest in her rescue and a corresponding detestation of Alfonso Payton. I imagined her looking to us—looking to me—to save her, and I vowed I would do it. Love at first sight has become a commonplace, but if I had stopped to analyze my feelings I might have concluded that my case was one of love without sight.

Possibly the inscrutable hints of the secretary, who, as I did not then know, was a man of romantic sentiments, had kindled this fire in my breast.

Mr. Grantham did as I requested with regard to the billionaire, and when the two issued together from the cabin an hour later, Mr. Grayman's face wore a comparatively contented look, and I had good news to impart, which made him quite cheerful, and the secretary exultant.

We were actually gaining on the chase!

The Osprey, for some time, had been making 139.8 miles, a little better than her best during the night, I estimated that the Chameleon had dropped to not over 139. At this rate, we should overhaul her in the course of five hours. In two hours we should be within effective range, and hour later we ought to be near enough to enable Ethan to knock her aeroplanes to splinters.

The gunner was already fuming with impatience and continually consulting his range finder, changing the elevation of his gun and drawing imaginary beads.

"I'll bet a Connecticut cigar," he said, as I passed him on my rounds, "that when I git another chanst I'll put a shot into him that'll stop 'im."

"I'll give you word when to begin firing," I said. "Don't hull him, for you might injure or kill the prisoners, but aim for the aeroplanes."

"I know how to wing a duck, lootenant," he returned. "Ef the range hadn't been so pesky long this mornin', one o' his flippers 'u'd never 'a flopped ag'in."

"I believe you did hurt him, Ethan," I said. "I can't otherwise account for his lack of speed. Last night he gained on us; now we are gaining on him. Our speed is a trifle better than it was, but not enough to explain the difference."

Ethan's eyes lighted as he exclaimed:

"I knowed it, lootenant, I knowed thet shot wasn't altogether fur nuthin'."

Meanwhile, the clouds had begun to form, moving toward us from the direction of Hudson Bay. They flecked the intensely blue sky with curled streamers of cirrus, and later rolled up in big cirro-cumuli, which were very beautiful in the sun. Payton now gradually increased his elevation until he almost reached the level of the lower clouds, and at the same time the Chameleon again underwent changes of color, turning first, sky-blue, and afterward white, when it became difficult at times to find her against the dazzling cloud surfaces and pale sky.

(To Be Continued.)

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I have just bought five million Christmas Post Cards, the very latest 1911 designs. Christmas Bells, Crosses, Santa Clauses, Holly, Wreaths, Scenes, Stockings, Chimneys, Little Boys and Girls, Mottoes, Greetings, etc. All kinds of Christmas designs, most artistically reproduced in their natural colors and in the most pleasing way possible on the finest coated card board. Send me only two cent stamps for postage and wrapping and I will send you a set of the 10 beautiful Christmas souvenir post cards. Don't put it off until the last minute because I want to tell you about my BIG CHRISTMAS SURPRISE that I have for everyone who writes me and sends me two cent stamps. Do you want to know the secret of the BIG CHRISTMAS SURPRISE? E. T. Meredith, Box 234 DesMoines, Iowa

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Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address, R. F. Hobbs, 391 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kas.

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A FOOD DRINK

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a poison like coffee.

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long, weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day.

"On the advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as directed on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friends always wanted her coffee to look—'like a new saddle.'

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied, with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years.

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep sound and am not nervous." "There's a reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

DAIRY COW IS A MARVEL

By D. K. Livingston.

All improved breeds of animals are the result of man's genius. It is not the nature of any cow to produce a large quantity of milk and establish such records as we read of from time to time; her natural duty is to give sufficient milk to nourish her calf for a few months each year. Neither is it natural for the animals we designate as beef breeds to carry such an enormous amount of flesh. Nature intended the formation of flesh solely for warmth and protection of the body, with no thought of the commercial value of fat and flesh. Years ago, perhaps thousands, all cattle were the same, just as we know the buffalo, the deer and the elk today. It was not until man undertook their domestication that the various breeds were formed and a system of evolution inaugurated which has brought about the present variety and assortment of breeds. The dairy cow has been the result of feeding and selection for a definite purpose; so that, by selecting the best milkers and giving them proper feeding and care, it has been possible to bring to their present high state of development the different breeds of dairy cattle. However, while they are apparently fixed in type and characteristics there is always a tendency to revert to some remote ancestral trait. If the animals were left to themselves the good work of generations of progressive breeding would be lost sight of. There is no breed of animals that will go on improving without constant assistance and the directing hand of man. As civilization has advanced and the population become more dense, the demand for milk and its products has increased, and the dairy cow by selection and feeding has developed to meet this demand. Obeying that universal law that always moves along the line of least resistance, the dairy cow has taken on the form best adapted to enable her to produce a heavy flow of milk with the least expenditure of energy. Thus we have what is known as the dairy type, or dairy form, which we find in all dairy breeds of cattle, i. e., Jersey, Guernsey, Ayrshire and Holstein. The Shorthorn was at one time called a dairy breed or the dual purpose cow, but the show yard judges have shown such a preference to the breed as a beef animal that it is no longer known among the heavy milkers. The Wisconsin experimental station tried for several years, under Professor Carlisle's instruction, to prove that the large dual purpose cows were the most profitable for the Wisconsin farmers. After calculating the value of food consumed and allowing market prices for the milk, it was shown conclusively that the dual purpose cow could not be strongly recommended. In the report of the Wisconsin station for 1906 it is stated: "At the present time we find it practically impossible to secure cows of marked capacity for dairy production among the Shorthorn breed." Two cows stand in the same stable; both are fed the same ration, yet one will extract from the food twice the amount of butter fat. This fact is seen very frequently in all herds. What is the inner quality whereby one cow can produce so much more than the other from the same amount of food? It is hard to find the right name for it, but it may be called "dairy quality." Now certain breeds of cattle are distinguished for this quality; they have the power to accomplish this work in the proportion and perfection by reason of having been bred for that purpose from long lines of ancestors of like quality. Thousands of farmers will spend their time and money trying to make cows of beef breeding do dairy work. Does it not seem reasonable that in a breed where dairy traits have been the sole object of the originators, whose work has been handed down or rather carried on for several centuries by generation after generation of successful breeders, that the tendency to produce animals of a profitable dairy type is much more firmly fixed, and the power to transmit these qualities is greater in the pure-breeds than the animals that have been bred indifferently? It is just as easy for a man to serve two masters as it is for a cow to please both the butcher and dairyman. The functions of meat and dairy production are opposite factors. The cow will either cleave to the one or yield to the other. The modern dairy cow is the marvel of the twentieth century. When cows are capable of producing nearly their own weight of butter annually it is certainly a wonderful performance, i. e., the Holstein cow Sara Jewel Hengeerveld 3d produced 30½ pounds of butter in 7 days, 121 1-3 pounds in 30 days; her mother produced a little over 100 pounds of milk in one day and 685 pounds in seven days last summer. There is no reason why this record cannot be beaten. The whole history of the advanced dairy cow is a constant recurrence of records established and broken down. While we do not hope to see the average cow producing her weight in butter and this record taken as the standard of excellence for the farmers' herd, yet we have convincing proof of what can be accomplished by a little care and an intelligent selection, and I hope to see the time when every farmer is keeping a record of his cows and insisting upon a certain standard for every cow in his herd.

ANSWERS BY VETERINARIAN

Dr. A. S. Alexander
Wisconsin College of Agriculture

Infection From Mare.

We have a foal which about two or three weeks after birth got to be a sight with sores about its muzzle and face. It was so bad that it could hardly suck and the mare's udder was the same way. I guess it got the trouble from the mare's bag; anyhow that was the first sore and then the colt got affected. Have you ever heard of such a disease as this? The mare is well fed and on good, sound pasture.—G. H., Wisconsin.

Reply—Such cases are not uncommon. They are due to infection of the mare from service by the stallion. An affected mare spreads the disease to this stallion and he in turn spreads it to the mares he breeds and they to their colts. The mare commonly is bred about the ninth day after the birth of her foal, and, getting the infection at service, it can readily be seen how she may spread it to the foal. The discharge from the vagina gets onto the udder and the foal contaminates its mouth in this way. The disease is pustular exanthema, or "pox." When such a case is experienced the mare and foal should be isolated and treated and the owner should investigate the case of the stallion and the other mares he has served. We have known of several outbreaks this season and other seasons. The case teaches that the stallion should never be allowed to serve a mare showing an abnormal discharge and that the penis of the stallion should be perfectly cleansed and disinfected after each service. The disease is not very difficult to control by the use of disinfecting solutions. The vagina of the mare should be flushed out once daily with a gallon or more of a half of 1 per cent solution of permanganate of potash and in a week, if necessary, change to a solution of half a dram each of sulphate of zinc and pure carbolic acid per quart of injecting solution. The permanganate solution may also be used on the udder and on the face of the foal, or these will respond well to washing with a 1 per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant. A saturated solution of boric acid also may be freely used in cases where the foal's mouth and tongue become involved.

Necrobacillosis.

Lambs have sore noses and rough, warty growths about the end of sheath. We have been using dip solution, but improvement is slow. The lambs cannot suck when badly affected about the mouth and soon die. Some of the ewes are in the same shape about the mouth and have some similar sores on the feet. what is the cause and how would you treat the lambs and older animals? —G. J., Montana.

Reply—The cause is infection by the bacillus necrophorus, which is a filth germ. The disease therefore is contagious and the infection stays about yards and pens that have been used by infected sheep. The lambs often spread the disease to the ewe's udder and the ewe may get the disease about her nose from licking the lambs. Place affected animals on grass and keep them away from old yards and other places used by sheep. Scrub and scrape each ulcer clean, then saturate with a mixture of one dram each of sulphur, coal-tar disinfectant and boric acid to an ounce of lard. Repeat once daily. Or, in bad cases, paint the ulcers with a solution of one part nitric acid to seven parts of water and repeat as required. A bulletin on this disease, "Lip and Leg Ulceration of Sheep," was recently published by the Department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., and may be had free on applying to the department.

Moon Blindness.

I would like to find out what to do for a horse I have. It has been having sore eyes, matter forming inside and will keep running for a while, then stop and kind of clear up, then start to run again. I have had one go blind. Now, if it is pink eye I would like to know what to do, and if there is any cure for it—P. A. S., Iowa.

Reply—The disease is not "pink eye." That term is applied to that form of influenza (epizootic) which localizes in the membranes of the eyes when the horse is attacked by the characteristic fever and lassitude. The disease you refer to is periodic ophthalmia moon blindness) and it is incurable and will result in blindness after successive attacks. By some it is considered contagious. There seems to be a hereditary tendency to the disease, so that affected mares and stallions should not be used for breeding. Blindness may be retarded by giving a dram of iodide of potash in drinking water night and morning at time of attack and continuing for a few days after the eyes clear up. At such times also keep the eyes covered with a soft cloth to be kept wet with a solution of half a dram each of sulphate of zinc and fluid extract of belladonna leaves in a quart of cold water.

Fistulous Withers.

What is good to burn the pipes out of a thistle? I once saw a horse doctor pack long strips of cheese cloth into the discharging pipes on a horse's neck. He soaked the cloth strips in some strong medicine before using and said it would burn out the lining of the pipes and then they would heal. The horse had an awful sore neck, but after a time the matter stopped running and the place healed up. I have a case to treat, and wonder if you can tell what to use on the strips of cheese cloth, or what will do to burn the parts.—M. K., Kansas.

Reply—The veterinarian probably soaked strips in terchloride of antimony (butter of antimony), as that is a favorite remedy for use in such cases. Or he may have used a strong solution of corrosive sublimate, formaldehyde or acid. In such cases the first necessary step is to open up the abscess thoroughly so as to obtain free drainage from every pipe and pocket. A caustic may then be used to swab the lining membrane of the cavities exposed. It is not good practice to pack caustics into an undrained abscess cavity. Such treatment sometimes may result in a cure. More often it induces spreading of the sinuses (pipes(and burrowing of pus, which may result in an incurable condition. In cases of fistula of the withers or of the poll (poll evil) it is best to have a qualified veterinarian do the necessary cutting and then follow his instructions carefully until the case no longer requires treatment. Healing by use of caustics often proves temporary and the swelling comes up again, and when pus breaks out the condition may be found worse than before.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Is there a reader of the Farmstead who can give a method of training young horses to change their gait? At what age should the method be used? I will greatly appreciate all the information that is given.—C., Senope, W. Va.

I have often heard of "disking" alfalfa, but do not know how it is done? Isn't there danger of cutting the upper roots? I would like to have an answer through the Farmstead columns.—M., Stanton, Va.

What is the origin and remedy for a disease in hens that causes the scales on their legs to turn dark underneath and swell, making the scales stand out rough? The hens grow thin and weak, the plumage fades, and in about three or four weeks they die. The appetite seems good until the last.—B., Nineveh, N. Y.

A SIMPLE WART REMEDY

Having seen an inquiry in the Farmstead in regard to the removal of warts from horses I will tell what I know. One application of spirits of camphor is usually sufficient, but if not, it may be repeated. I know this to be a good remedy.—M., Stanton, Va.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

PROF. SAMUELS ORIGINATES PECULIAR METHOD OF TREATMENT

HIS PHENOMENAL SUCCESS CAUSES ENMITY OF DOCTORS

ARRESTED MANY TIMES

But Acquitted by Juries and Judges and Permitted to Continue in a Work That He Alone Can Do, as He Is the Only Man in the World Using His System—Patients Make Startling Statements of His Successful Method of Treating Consumption, Bright's Disease, Kidney Trouble, Blindness, Fits, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Cataracts, Nervous Prostration, Dropsy, Hay Fever and Many other Diseases That Baffle the Skill of the Ordinary Physician.

Wichita, Kas.—The almost miraculous cure of hopeless invalids made by Professor Samuels, of Wichita, Kas., have been of such a startling character that they have aroused widespread wonder, admiration and curiosity. Time and again he has taken cases pronounced hopelessly incurable by the medical profession and restored the patients to health in a most phenomenal manner.

There is considerable mystery attached to Professor Samuels' method of accomplishing these marvels, and it is known that he does not use the drastic drugs and medicines that doctors depend upon. And it is a matter of proof that with the system this discovery gives him, he has made the blind see and the lame walk. He has revived the flickering spark of life in bodies on the very verge of the grave, and restored to health men and women given up to die by doctors and specialists.

Prof. Samuels came into note several years ago by his almost miraculous cure of "Blind Joe," of Topeka, Kas., who was well known in that city, having sold peanuts and popcorn on the streets there for years. He had been blind for ten years and had exhausted all the means in his power to be cured, but had given up in despair until he fell into the hands of Professor Samuels, who effected a cure.

Professor Samuels has been arrested many times for practicing his system without having a diploma. On being interviewed a few days ago relative to his many arrests, Professor Samuels said:

"Yes, I have been arrested many times for practicing without a license, but in no case have I been convicted. Naturally, the medical profession are jealous of my success, and are fighting me most of the time, but how are they going to convict me? Do you suppose any jury, when my patients come into court, as they did at Alva, Okla., Newkirk, Okla., Ponca City, Okla., and other towns, and tell how they have been cured of all manner of trouble, do you suppose for a minute that any jury hearing these people and seeing with their own eyes what has been accomplished, is going to convict me? My trial at Alva was before a very able judge, Jesse J. Dunn, who is now chief justice of the state of Oklahoma; after hearing the evidence for and against me I was acquitted. At Newkirk I was tried before Judge Hausley, a very able judge. Judge Brown, a noted lawyer, was the prosecuting attorney, and fought the case very hard, but I was acquitted. These persecutions were brought because I have no license. Being the originator and only practitioner of my system of healing, how am I to have a diploma? I can't issue it to myself, and the medical fraternity, trotting along in the same harness for half a century, too blind to accept my discovery, which accomplishes actual results, make it impossible for me to procure a license as a representative of any of the recognized schools. So what am I to do but to proceed in my own way and accomplish results that astound humanity?"

The professor here showed a reprint from the court records showing the proof of his assertions that the court had not convicted him.

Professor Samuels is a remarkable man. Bright, alert, progressive and although 60, he is straight and active and gives one the impression that he is much younger. He talks with such an earnest conviction and enthusiasm of his work that the listener must believe him and believe in his work.

"What is the nature of your treatment?" was the next question.

"That is a secret that has taken many years of my life to accomplish. I can only say that my results are obtained treating diseases by dropping a colorless liquid, which I prepare, into the eye. Strange as it may seem, so-called incurable cases of consumption, Bright's disease, dropsy, epileptic fits, nervous prostration are treated in this apparently miraculous way. My system is based absolutely on scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul. I have evolved a system of treating other bodily ills based on the relation of the eye to the system as a whole. This may seem strange, but here are the proofs."

Thereupon the professor placed before his interviewer his "Message of Facts," affidavits and letters in great numbers, many of them from responsible and well-known people, all bearing on his statements.

This

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Biel's New Nerve Tablets act on the vital organs like Steam on an Engine. They generate vital warmth and nerve energy. They make you feel strong, vigorous and full of Natural Vim and Nerve Force, which makes you equal to the duties of life. If you are weak, nervous, lack strength, energy, ambition, feel run down, worn out, or are restless, thin, have bad dreams, poor memory, or suffer with pains in the kidneys, liver, heart, side or shoulder, we will send you a full dollar box on trial. When you are satisfied that our Tablets restore health and vitality, then send us $1. You are not required to pay one penny if you are not perfectly satisfied that they will restore you to Health and Strength. Send your name and address and we mail you a dollar box at once.

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Reach the spot—act powerfully and quickly strengthen the nerves, rejuvenate the system and make life worth living. A pure, safe, reliable remedy—fifteen years on the market—thousands of men attest its merits. One trial will convince. By mail, in plain sealed package, $1. a box. JOHNSON BROS. DRUG CO., 1409 N. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES

WHY SUFFER?

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50 cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE. Send at once to

MRS. H. B. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

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RHEUMATISM Rheumatism and Neuralgia cured by Nature's Remedy. Free booklet. Address J. W. Lipscomb, M. D., 3203 T. W. Nelson st., Chicago, Ill.

ABOUT SHEEP BREEDING

From the breeding records of 514 ewes, it was determined that for ordinary animals and conditions the normal period of gestation ranges from 144 to 150 days after the date of service and that more ewes will lamb 146 days after service than at any other time.

There is no appreciable difference in length of period of gestation for male and female offspring in sheep, and there is an apparent relation between the duration of the period of gestation and the period required for reaching maturity. Quick maturing breeds appear to carry the young for a shorter period than those breeds requiring more time to mature.

Large lambs are on the average carried in utero for an appreciably longer period than small or medium lambs. Lambs dropped before the 144th day and after the 149th day of pregnancy are lacking in strength and vitality at birth.

Shropshire ewes were more prolific than any of the other breeds and classes used except the fourth cross of Shropshire rams on a Merino ewe foundation. From the data presented it is apparent that twins are the normal increase for ewes of the mutton type.

One-year-old rams are not so prolific as those 2 or 3 years old. Ewes also produce a larger percentage of increase in lambs after they reach full maturity at 3 years of age until they are 6 years old, when the rate of increase diminishes. The amount of service required of the ram in breeding has an influence on the percentage of increase in offspring of the ewes that produce lambs. Ewes bred early in the season and mating to a single ram dropped a larger percentage of lambs than those bred the latter end of the season.

A Literary Yearning.

New York Times.

"I'd give a good bit to get hold of some old headle novels," said the man with "I get so weary of the popular tales that are being ground out by fiction factories that my soul fairly yearns for the good old stories I used to read when I was a boy. So long has this longing become that I have been going around among the book stores where second-hand medicals are kept in the hope of picking up some of the Beadle dime and half-dime libraries. But my quest has been in vain.

"I find that there are blood and thunder publications issued today, but they have nothing of the charm possessed by such writers as Colonel Prentice Ingraham, Ned Buntline, Edward L. Wheeler, whose Deadwood Dick stories were classics, and Edward S. Ellis, who wasn't ashamed to sign his stories for Beadle, in spite of the fact that he was also known in the educational field. These men were artists in their way, and I am sure that any an old boy of my age shares my regret that their work shouldn't be preserved."

Why They Failed to Get Water.

Columbus Dispatch.

Capt. Maynard, clerk of the house of representatives, has built a cottage at Lake Lane. In his absence workmen began to drive a well for water. They told him on a recent visit that they had gone down 200 feet without striking water. When he investigated he found that the casing that had been sunk in the well had turned on a rock and had come into the cottage. At the time that they found it it was stickin' up in the best room about six feet and the drill was still going overtime.

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK

Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." Hundreds of agents coining money—$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low prices—1,300 ordered by one man. Write at once. Experience unnecessary. Sample free. METALS MFG. CO., 2278 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

QUESTIONS OF THE FEED LOT

Professor Herbert W. Mumford,
Illinois College of Agriculture.

Short Talks on Feeding.

When is the proper time to cut corn to put into the silo, and what machinery is necessary to do this work?

Concerning the stage of maturity in which to cut corn for the silo, I quote from a bulletin of the Kansas Agricultural college, department of agricultural education:

"Corn should be cut for the silo when it is fairly well matured; that is, when the kernels are in what is known as the 'dough stage,' all or nearly all of the kernels being dented. At this time the lower leaves will be nearly or quite dead. The following table, which Woll quotes from the experiments of Professor Ladd, shows the rapid increase of food materials with the advancing age of the corn:

	Tasseled. July 30.	Milk. Aug. 21.	Glazed. Spt. 7.	Ripe. Spt. 23.
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
Gross weight	18,045	32,000	32,295	28,460
Water in crop	16,426	27,957	25,093	20,542
Dry matter	1,619	5,043	7,202	7,018
Ash	138.9	232.2	302.5	364.2
Crude fiber	514.2	1,262.0	1,755.9	1,724.0
Crude protein	230.8	478.7	643.9	677.8
Nitrogen-free extract (starch, sugar, etc.)	653.9	2,441.3	4,239.8	4,827.6
Crude fat	72.2	288.9	260.0	314.3

While the more mature plant is slightly less digestible than it is at an earlier stage of maturity, the gain in total nutrient more than offsets the loss in digestibility. It has been shown also that the loss of nutrients in the silo due to the intra-molecular activity of the living plant cells when first placed in the silo is much greater in immature than in mature plants. The later stage of maturity also avoids handling an unnecessary amount of water in the plant. There is, however, danger in allowing the plant to become too dry, as in that case it is difficult to pack it in the silo tight enough to exclude the air and prevent fermentation.

The Canada experimental farms' report for 1896 gives the following determinations of digestible matter in corn of different stages of growth:

	In one ton. lbs.	On one acre. lbs.
Tasseling	186.2	4,220
Silking	211.0	5,069
Early milk	256.5	5,873
Late milk	285.8	6,012
Glazing	339.2	7,308

The machinery necessary for hte work will be a silage cutter with a blower attachment to life the silage and a traction engine to run it. This latter is usually hired from some thresher at so much per day. The corn for the silo is usually cut with a corn binder and care should be taken not to make the bundles too large. A long, low, flat rack placed upon an ordinary farm wagon which has been first lengthened out to give a full loa dbetween the wheels by laying the corn lengthwise, makes a convenient outfit for hauling the corn to the cutter. Low-wheeled wagons are sometimes used to good advantage.

All Balled Up Again.

Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Makinbrakes had just been introduced to a rising politician.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Klymer," he said. "There is always a natural desire to meet a man when he becomes notorious—I mean, of course, in the public eye—as you are, that in spite of what his political enemies may say about him—and that's true, you know—not that it's true what your enemies say about you, but the general, proposition—and I always believe in giving even a criminal the benefit of the doubt—I'm not speaking of politicians, although they certainly are entitled to the same—that is, as a class—or, rather, not as a class of some politicians among our best citizens—nothing personal intended, I assure you—because if you give a dog a bad name—er—no reference to any particular one, you understand—and not wishing to institute any invidious—don't you think, Mr. Klymer it's time for the Sox to be getting a few players that can hit the ball?"

Coming of the Cocoo-Grays.

Springfield Republican.

Fritz Leigeman, of 24 Raymond avenue, has returned from Germany and has brought with him some fowls of fancy breed. He has one rooster and two pullets of the coocogray Leghorn variety which he bought in Rhein, Germany, and which he thinks are the only ones of that variety in the United States. The father of the birds sold for 800 marks, or anout $200. He brought also one rooster and a couple of pullets of black Leghorns which are of considerable value. He could only buy the cooco-gray Leghorns with the agreement that he would at once take them out of the country, presumably for the reason that the owner wished to possess the only ones in Germany. Mr. Leigman is a fancier of such fowls and devotes much of his time to raising them.

Bulls and Bulls.

New York Tribune.

T. P. O'Connor, the witty Irish parliamentarian, discussed at a dinner in New York the bull.

"The bull," said he, "isn't confined to Ireland. It was an Englishman, you know, an English judge, who, being told by a tramp, that he was unmarried, replied: 'Well, that's a good thing for your wife.'

"And it was a French soldier who, sleeping in his tent, with a stone jar for a pillow, replied, on being asked if the jar wasn't too hard, 'Oh, no; I've stuffed it, you see, with hay.'

"And it was an American politician here in New York who cried the other night from the tailboard of a dray: 'If we remain silent the people will not hear our heartrending cries!'"

The Personal Flavor.

Buffalo Commercial.

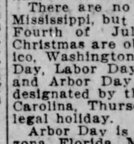
Mark Twain always took a keen delight in scoring off pomposity. While dining in a restaurant one day he sat next table to a couple of airy young men who were giving the waiter an unusual amount of trouble. One of them gave an order, and then, in a commanding voice, asked the waiter to tell the cook whom it was for, the other followed suit. Presently came Twain's chance, and he directed the waiter in a loud voice to "Bring in a dozen oysters, and whisper my name to each of them to be sure it's all right."

A Grasshopper Cure.

Leesville (Col.) Light.

Blake Hoggatt, the most tobacco chewing negro in these parts, says he has found a new way to exterminate grasshoppers. Blake says to catch a couple of the hoppers and pinch them on the legs until the muscles become sore. Then turn them loose. They will hop so queerly that all the other grasshoppers will die laughing. The hard part, Blake says, is to catch the two original grasshoppers when the others are all dead, and kill them.

AGENTS $45.00 A WEEK MENDETS



They mend leaks instantly in granite ware, hot water bags, tin, copper, brass, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them. Fit any surface. Perfectly smooth. Wonderful invention. Millions in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. Complete pkg., assorted sizes, 25c, postpaid. Agents Wanted. Write today.

Collette Mfg. Co., Box 190 Amsterdam, N. Y.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

LEGAL HOLIDAYS

Please tell me if I was right or wrong in an argument in which I stated that there were national holidays.—F. W. G., Charlton, N. D.

There is no national holiday, not even the Fourth of July. Congress has at various times appointed special holidays. In the second session of the Fifty-third congress it passed an act making Labor Day a public holiday in the District of Columbia, and it has recognized the existence of certain days as holidays for commercial purposes, but, with the exception named, there is no general statute on the subject. The proclamation of the President designating a day of Thanksgiving only makes it a legal holiday in the District of Columbia and the territories.

The following are the legal holidays and the states in which they are observed:

January 1, New Year's Day: In all states (including District of Columbia, Arizona and New Mexico), except Kansas and Massachusetts. (In Maine a bank holiday only; legally).

January 8. Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans: In Louisiana.

January 19. Lee's Birthday: In Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Alabama and Arkansas.

February. Mardi-Gras: In the parish of New Orleans, Louisiana.

February 12. Georgia Day: In Georgia.

February 12. Lincoln's Birthday: In California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming.

February 22. Washington's Birthday: In all the states, District of Columbia, Arizona and New Mexico.

February (third Tuesday) Spring Election Day: In Pennsylvania.

March 2. Anniversary of Texan Independence: In Texas.

March 4. Inauguration Day: In District of Columbia in years when a President of the U. S. is inaugurated.

March 25, 1910. Good Friday: In Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Minnesota, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Tennessee.

April 12. Halifax Independence Resolutions: In North Carolina.

April 13. Thomas Jefferson's Birthday: In Alabama.

April 19. Patriots' Day: In Maine and Massachusetts.

April 21. Anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto: In Texas.

April 26. Confederate Memorial Day: In Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi.

May 10. Confederate Memorial Day: In North Carolina and South Carolina.

May (second Friday) Confederate Day: In Tennessee.

May 20. Anniversary of the Signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence: In North Carolina.

May (last Friday) Pioneer Day: In Montana, observed in public schools.

May 30. Decoration Day: In all the states and territories (and District of Columbia), except Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas.

June 3. Jefferson Davis' Birthday: In Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas and South Carolina. In Louisiana known as "Confederate Memorial Day." In Virginia, in public schools.

July 4, Independence Day: In all the states, District of Columbia and territories.

July 10. Admission Day: In Wyoming.

July 24. Pioneers' Day: In Utah.

July (fourth Saturday) Primary Election Day: In Texas.

August. Primary Election Days: In Missouri.

August 1. Colorado Day: In Colorado.

August 16. Bennington Battle Day: In Vermont.

September 5, 1910. Labor Day: In all the states and territories (and District of Columbia). In Louisiana, observed in Orleans parish. In Wyoming by proclamation of the governor.

September (first Tuesday) Primary Election Day: In Wisconsin. In Michigan in even years.

September 9. Admission Day: In California.

September 12. "Old Defenders' Day": In Baltimore, Md.

October 12. Columbus Day: In California, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania.

October 31. Admission Day: In Nevada.

November 1. All Saints' Day: In Louisiana.

November —. General Election Day: In Arizona, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Idaho (Illinois in Chicago, Springfield and East St. Louis only), Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio (from 5:30 a. m. to 9 a. m. only), Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming, in the years when elections are held therein. In 1910 in states holding such elections the date is November 8.

November —, 1910. Thanksgiving Day (usually the fourth Thursday in November): Is observed in all the states and in the District of Columbia, Arizona and New Mexico, though in some states it is not a statutory holiday.

December 25. Christmas Day: In all the states (except Kansas), District of Columbia and territories.

Sundays and Fast Days are legal holidays in all the states which designate them as such.

There are no statutory holidays in Mississippi, but by common consent the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas are observed. In New Mexico, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Labor Day, Flag Day (June 14), and Arbor Day are holidays when so designated by the governor. In South Carolina, Thursday of Fair week is a legal holiday.

Arbor Day is a legal holiday in Arizona, Florida, Maryland, New Mexico, Wisconsin and Wyoming, the day being set by the governor; in Texas, February 22; Nebraska, April 22; Utah, April 15; Rhode Island, second Friday in May; Montana, second Tuesday in May; Georgia, first Friday in December; Colorado and Maine (school holiday only), third Friday in April; in Oklahoma, the Friday following the second Monday in March; in Arkansas, first Saturday in March.

Every Saturday after 12 o'clock noon is a legal holiday in California in public offices, Illinois (in cities of 200,000 or more inhabitants), Maryland, Michigan, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, the District of Columbia (for banking purposes), and in New Orleans, La., and Charleston, S. C.; in Louisiana in all cities exceeding 15,000 inhabitants; in Missouri in cities of 100,000 or more inhabitants; in Tennessee, for state and county officers, and in Colorado during June, July and August. In Indiana, from 12 o'clock noon to last Saturday in October, inclusive, for all public offices in counties having a county seat of 100,000 population or more.

RALEIGH'S DEATH

Please tell for what crime was Sir Walter Raleigh executed in 1618.—I. J. M., Meat Camp, N. C.

In 1603 Raleigh was accused of complicity in the plot of Cobham to place Lady Arabella Stuart upon the throne. He was convicted of high treason by a jury. The sentence was reprieved, though he was imprisoned in the tower for 12 years. When he was released in 1616 he went on a second expedition to Guiana where he attacked a Spanish settlement. When he returned to England the Spanish ambassador complained and Raleigh was again arrested. The Spanish charges could not be proven against him, but the privy councilors with Bacon at their head proposed to execute him on his former sentence, the king in 1616 having liberated but not pardoned him. He died on the scaffold in Old Palace Yard.

A BASEBALL QUESTION

In a recent baseball game there was a man on third and a man at bat with two out. The batter hits the ball, but is put out at first while the man on third runs home and touches the plate before the batter has been put out at first. Does the run count?—F. W. G., Charlton, N. D.

The run does not count since he touched home on a play which retired the side. It makes no difference whether he reached the plate before the batter was out or not.

THE DARK DAYS

What is said to have caused the dark days and when were some of the most notable ones —C. T. S., Viola, Idaho.

The words "Dark Day" apply to a number of days in which the sunlight appears to have been remarkably dim or altogether absent. In our country, however, the term is specifically applied to May 19, 1780, which is also known as "Black Friday." Other notable dark days in the United States were those of October 21, 1716, and October 19, 1762.

The darkness of the "Dark Day" of May 19 was principally observed in lower Canada, the New England states and the upper part of the northern states. The darkness is known to have been the result of a combination of ordinary cloudiness combined with the smoke from forest and prairie fires. On this May day in 1780 the wind was southwest with occasional light rains. The remarkable phenomenon was attributed by the superstitious to supernatural causes.

On the plains of Tibet, according to Marco Polo and other travelers, dark days are sometimes caused by clouds of dust so fine and light that it is carried to a great distance by the wind. Similar days of darkness have been caused by clouds of mingled vapor, smoke and dust emanating from volcanic eruptions, although such clouds do not usually extend to the great distances reached by clouds of smoke from forest fires.

Stygian darkness often prevails during eruptions of ashes from volcanoes. Cases of such volcanic clouds occurred in connection with the eruption of Mont Pelee and La Soufriere in the West Indies in May, 1902.

In recent years the months of August and September, 1881, were remarkable in the eastern part of the United States for a long series of days in which artificial light was oftentimes necessary at midday and business was generally very much interrupted. In commenting upon this the United States Monthly Weather Review for September, 1881, says:

"The foggy or smoky condition of the atmosphere became quite general from the first to the tenth of the month. It reached an unusual culmination of density in the eastern portion of the Middle Atlantic States and throughout New England. The destructive violence of prairie and forest fires throughout Northern Michigan and portions of Canada has perhaps never been exceeded and the intensity of the accompanying smoke was simply dreadful."

On September 6 southwesterly winds prevailed from Tennessee northward to Lake Superior and thence eastward to the Canadian maritime provinces, and smoke was reported as far south as Knoxville, westward to Milwaukee, northward to Rockcliffe, Canada, and westward to New Brunswick. The darkness of the dark day of May, 1780, covered very much the same area.

The day being considered an unlucky day by superstitious people, naturally May 19, 1780, came to be generally known as "Black Friday."

GOVERNORS' POWERS

Does the governor have the power to pardon criminals in all the states?—B. S., Whitney Point, N. Y.

In most of the states of the United States the governor has the pardoning power, but this power is given to the legislatures in a few states, while in New Jersey there is a court of pardons which has the sole right to exercise the power.

JOHN B. FLOYD

Please give a sketch of the life of John B. Floyd.—H. W. B., Rutland, Vt.

John Buchanan Floyd, the American statesman, was born June 1, 1807, and died August 26, 1863. In 1828 he was admitted to the bar and served in the Virginia legislature for several terms, becoming Democratic governor of the state in 1850, holding office for three years. In 1857 he was appointed secretary of war by President Buchanan. While in the cabinet Floyd was detected in the act of stripping the northern arsenals of arms and ammunition, and was indicted by the grand jury of the District of Columbia as being privy to the abstracting of $870,000 in bonds from the department of interior. But he fled to Virginia, and at the close of 1860 was made a general in the confederate army. Rosecrans drove him from West Virginia while he was in command. The night before the surrender of Fort Donelson he stole away in the darkness, throwing the responsibility of surrendering on a subordinate officer, and being censured by the confederate government, never afterward served in the army.

MORGAN'S DEATH

Please describe the way in which John H. Morgan was killed in Tennessee.—H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.

Morgan was stationed with a force at Greenville, Tennessee, at the time of his death. He and his staff occupied the house of a Mrs. Williams. General Gillem and his troops surrounded the house, and in trying to escape, Morgan was shot and killed.

VULCANIZING RUBBER

Will you please describe in your columns how India rubber is vulcanized?—B. E. W., Sunderlinville, Pa.

India rubber in the crude state is prepared for manufacture by grinding the sheets in water for the purpose of cleansing it. After this it is dried and subjected to the tearing action of toother rollers, one of which revolves faster than the other. At this stage the vulcanizing material, consisting of ¼ ounce of sulphur or more to the pound of rubber, according to the required hardness, is added and thoroughly incorporated. Various other ingredients, as sulphate of zinc, whiting, plaster of Paris, lampblack, pitch, etc., in addition to the sulphur, are also employed for the purpose of hardening. The selection of these depends on the peculiar ideas of the manufacturer and the destined application of the material.

GUADALOUPE HIDALGO TREATY

Please tell what you can about the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo and its provisions.—J. W. L., Lakeview, Mich.

When the Americans were at the gates of the Mexican capital, N. B. Trist, acting in the name of the President, proposed terms of peace. These were not accepted, and the American army occupied the capital. Santa Anna fled, and Pena, president of the supreme court, became provisional president of the republic. He, by authority of the Mexican congress, reopened negotiations with General Scott, who in the meantime had been ordered home, as had Trist. However, the Mexicans, through their newly elected president, offered to accept the treaty prepared by the secretary of state, and it was signed at Guadaloupe Hidalgo.

The provisions of the treaty were that Mexico should cede Upper California and New Mexico to the United States, making the Rio Grande the boundary between the two countries. The United States paid New Mexico $15,000,000 and assumed $3,250,000 of claims made by United States citizens against Mexico prior to the treaty, beside any claims to which under the conventions of 1839 and 1843 Mexico was adjudged liable. Of the 253 claims put in under this treaty, 182 were finally allowed.

OHIO GOVERNORS

Please give the names of the governors of Ohio elected since 1865 and the number of years each served.—G. H. S., Salineville, O.

Charles Anderson (acting), 1865-66; Jacob Dolson Cox, 1866-68; Rutherford B. Hayes, 1868-72; Edward T. Noyes, 1872-74; William Allen, 1874-76; Rutherford B. Hayes, 1876-78; William H. Bishop, 1878-80; Charles Foster, 1880-82; George Hoadly, 1882-86; Joseph B. Foraker, 1886-88; James E. Campbell, 1890-92; William McKinley, 1892-96; John R. Bushnell, 1896-98; Abner Nash, 1898-02; Myron T. Herrick, 1902-06; John M. Pattison, in 1906; Andrew L. Harris, 1906-08; and Judson T. Harmon, the present governor, whose term expires January 9, 1911.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. M. O., Grand View, N. C.: We can give you no sketch of the life of Caleb Powers.

J. R., Smithfield, Pa.: Our references do not mention a man named Henry C. Dean.

J. G. H., Shelton, Neb.: We cannot give you the biography of the Indian chief you wish.

A. B., Nashville, Ind.: There was no William IV., king of the Netherlands. The last Dutch ruler of that name was William III.

L. D., Lakeview, Mich.: Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

E. A., Buchanan, Mich.: Michigan derives its name from an Indian word meaning a lake country.

Talked Esperanto in His Sleep.

Philadelphia Times.

When Mr. Smith—your intimate friend Smith—awoke the other morning he was greeted by his wife with this:

"My sweet boy, do you know you came home late last night and that you talked in your sleep?"

"Great Scott. No, did I?" said Smith, badly agitated. "What did I say? Tell me."

"I just couldn't make it all out. It sounded like ante-up-jack pot stake."

"Oh, yes, yes, my dear, I was reciting a little esperanto that a friend was teaching me; I intended to tell it to you when I came home. It means 'How is my darling girl tonight?'"

Shooting Sharks With Water.

Illustrated London News.

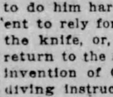
When he is working in water infested by sharks and other sea monsters likely to do him harm, the diver has at present to rely for his safety on the use of the knife, or, failing that, on a quick return to the surface. Now comes the invention of Captain Grobl, a German diving instructor, who has constructed a rifle which can be fired under water, and is designed for the better arming of the diver. The most remarkable thing about this is that it fires, not bullets, but water, which is propelled with such force that it has an extraordinary power of penetration. Indeed, the inventor himself has pierced armour plate of medium thickness with the water jet from his weapon. The rifle has a stout barrel and is loaded with a cartridge cased in india rubber. It is worth recalling, perhaps, that experiments were made in the sixties with a submarine rifle firing small explosive projectiles by means of compressed air, but the invention never got beyond the experimental stage and no details of it are to be had.

"Yankee" Lawyer at Nicaragua.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

One of the classmates of President Taft at Yale is to be the next minister to Washington from Nicaragua. He is Senor David Arrellano, of Granada, one of the most prominent and wealthy lawyers of his country. Senor Arrellano is known as the "Yankee" lawyer of Nicaragua because he is the most thoroughly American-trained man in the country and speaks English with as great fluency as his native tongue.

He is a man of great stature and weight and seldom walks when in his home city. After his graduation at Yale with Mr. Taft he took a law course at Harvard University and spent some time in New York in law offices.



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LET ME TELL Your Fortune Free

It is very important that you should know it, and I can give YOU this knowledge WITHOUT COST. I will send you a horoscope which may point out what the future may have in store for you, what to do to obtain wealth, how to know your lucky days, whether a great love is to come into your life to bless you, what the prospects are for traveling, employment, speculations, how to avoid danger, how to recognize your enemies, how to know your friends, whether marriage and a happy home will be your blessing, warn you against evil influences, what to avoid, and what opportunities to take advantage of.

Shakespeare says, "The stars above us govern our conditions." The Shepherds were guided by a star to the birthplace of our Saviour. The twelve Disciples were each born under a different star. We are each born under a star which guides us. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR STAR IS GUIDING YOU?

The advice and information which I propose to send you FREE will probably assist you in many ways, and mark the turning point in your career. It may bring you love, health, happiness, success, fame and popularity in both business and social life.

Astrology is one of the oldest professions in the world. To the marvelous astrological work of the Ancient Egyptians, I have added the latest scientific knowledge of this wonderful Twentieth Century.

MY PATRONS ARE ALWAYS SATISFIED

I receive many letters of praise daily from those who have received astrological readings from me, and I print below a few testimonials that speak for themselves.

☉ ♏ Ψ ♃ TESTIMONIALS ♈ ♍ ♎ ♓

Dear Mystic: My horoscope received and want to say I am very much pleased with same; in fact, I am delighted with it. You have told me a great many truths about myself and am going to follow your advice. I only regret very much that I did not know of you before, as I think—in fact, I almost believe—that by following your advice I could have saved myself from a great many serious errors in the past; in fact a great deal of misfortune and misery could have been spared me. Miss Marguerite Blair, 551 9th Ave., New York City.

Dear Mystic: I am in possession of a Full Life Reading. My only regret is that I did not have someone to give me what is contained in your horoscope years ago, as I am certain my path in life would have been a different road many times, as the advice that you have given me is of great value. Harry S. Sims, 29 Graveline Ave., Meriden, Conn.

Dear Mystic: I only wish I could find words to express my feeling toward you for sending me the Life Horoscope. I am more than pleased with it. B. J. Watson, 607 South 6th St., Waco, Tex.

Dear Mystic: Received double my money's worth when you sent me the horoscope. William Preston Cramer, Far Hills, N. J.

WRITE ME TODAY. THIS OFFER MAY NEVER APPEAR AGAIN

Write me today, telling me whether you are married or single, telling me the place you were born, also give me the date of your birth, and the year, and I will immediately send you FREE an astrological reading in typewritten form, which will, I believe, contain remarkable and valuable information about yourself.

Write immediately, enclosing two 2-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing the reading, and it will be sent to you FREE OF CHARGE.

EXALTED MYSTIC No. 745 W. 43d Street, New York City, N. Y.

EXPENSIVE TUBERCULOSIS

Bovine tuberculosis, insists Dr. David Roberts, of Waukesha, Wis., is costing the United States millions of dollars yearly, not through the actual death of tubercular animals, but by the tubercular animals infecting the healthy ones, thereby reducing their actual value.

If all of the tubercular cattle in the United States were slaughtered at once, the balance of the cattle would be worth more than the tubercular and healthy animals together.

It is every man's duty, in justice to himself, to determine positively that his herd is free from tuberculosis. Wiping tuberculosis out of the cattle of this country is too large a problem for a handful of people to undertake, and for this reason we will never wipe tuberculosis out of the cattle of our country until the live stock owners are given the proper information both concerning the nature of bovine tuberculosis and the tuberculin test. When this information reaches the live stock owner he will be more anxious to remove tuberculosis from his herd than anyone else, owing to the fact that he is financially interested, and he and his family first of all are consumers of the products of his cattle.

Supposing those who do not believe that there is such a thing as bovine tuberculosis or a reliable tuberculin test apply this simple, harmless test to their herd, and if they find that there are animals in their herd that have reacted to the test have such animals placed in one stable, and those that passed the test, indicating that they are free from tuberculosis, placed in another stable, keeping for their own use the product of the ones that have reacted and are pronounced tubercular, and put upon the market the products of those that have according to his test passed and been found free from tuberculosis.

Live stock breeders, think this over carefully and be fair with yourself.

FREE LAND GRANTS.

Many Americans are taking up the 5-acre fruit tracts and city lots now being offered free in Mexico. The only requirements are to have fruit trees planted within 5 years. Even the planting and care of the trees will be done on shares for those who can't go or do not care to go. The fruit grows bountifully and matures lusciously and commands very high prices. The Jantha Plantation Co., Section 594, Pittsburg, Pa., is the U. S. office for receiving applications. Particulars on request.

WHEN BUTTERFLIES MIGRATE

Thousands, Resting for the Night, May Settle on a Single Tree.

Everybody knows the great orange red butterflies with bold black bands and white dots that come sailing along by the thousands in the autumn. But it is not every one who knows that they migrate like the birds in the fall, flying all the way from Canada to Cuba and taking other long flights so that they get into the sunny south for the winter. They have extraordinary power on the wing and have been seen flying at sea 500 miles from land.

Vast flocks of hundreds of thousands on their way southward settle on trees and bushes like a swarm of bees, and as they are pretty much the color of certain autumn foliage you might easily pass their roosting place without noticing them. They rest for the night and are off in the morning as soon as their wings are dry. With all the enemies of insect life one wonders that there are so many butterflies left at the end of the summer. But though our Monarch is apparently a fat, tempting morsel he is distasteful to birds.

Autumn's Menace.

Amber and yellow and russet, gold and red,
The autumnal leaves dream they are summer flowers;
Day after day the windless sunny hours
With feet of flame pass softly overhead.

Day after day over each perishing leaf
The windless hours pass with slow-fading flame;
No song is heard where floods of music came;
Long garner'd on the fields the final sheaf.

One day a wild and ravishing wind will rise,
One day a paralyzing frost will come,
And all the glory be taken unaware,
Dark branches then will lean against the skies,
Sear leaves will drift the forest pathways dumb,
The wood and woodland lie austere and bare. —William Sharp.

Shrinking Glaciers.

Dundee Advertiser.

Scientists aver that save over a small area the glaciers of the world are retreating to the mountains. The glacier on Mount Sarmiento in South America, which descended to the sea when Darwin found it in 1836, is now separated from the shore by a vigorous growth of timber.

The Jacobshaven Glacier in Greenland has retreated four miles since 1860, and the East Glacier in Spitzbergen is more than a mile away from its old terminal moraine. In Scandinavia the snow line is further up the mountains and the glaciers have withdrawn 3,000 feet from the lowlands in a century. The Arapahoe Glacier in the Rocky Mountains with characteristic American enterprise has been melting at a rapid rate for several years. In the Eastern Alps and one or two other small districts the glaciers are growing. In view of these facts we should not be too skeptical when old men assure us that winters nowadays are not to be compared with the winters of their boyhood.

Girl Takes Up Claim in New Mexico

Indianapolis Star.

Miss Ivy Losey, of this city, a frail girl, 22 years old and weighing less than 100 pounds, is about to set out to win her fortune on a lonely claim six miles from any town in New Mexico. The girl was formerly a nurse at the Deaconness hospital. She left there to visit her sister in Knowles, N. M., where the latter is married to a physician.

With her brother-in-law's aid the Indianapolis girl took out a claim of 160 acres, six miles from Knowles, the nearest town, and will leave for her new home alone, August 20. She will live for at least 14 months in the heart of the plains until she has a title to the claim. After that she may still remain in New Mexico cultivating the land.

A Portrait.

Dear, as you stood within the sunlight there,
You made a picture such as one might paint
Who lived in Lippi's time—the mellow, faint
Gold background vying luster with your hair
Clear tints of cheek and brow; the crimson rare
Of your curved lips, a little rose, whose plaint
Was sweeter far than smile of shrined saint
Whose stolen halo rested on your hair.

These, nor the luring magic of your eyes,
I could not put on canvas for men's gaze
To marvel at, and yet their counterpart,
Discreetly hidden, in my keeping lies—
For, taking pity on my lonely days,
Love came and drew your image on my heart.
—Char

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 6, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Autumn Opportunities

With the approach of winter comes the time of opportune buying. The advertiser is wide awake to the seasonable wants of the people. The Blade's advertising columns are growing in interest, and readers are advised to look them over. There is always the chance that the very thing that is needed in the household is offered through The Blade columns. Do not neglect reading Blade advertisements.

Nothing succeeds like success and Theodore Roosevelt.

Jack Frost, painter. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

We have often wondered if toadstools taste like mushrooms.

Broken legs for women will go out of style with the hobble skirt.

"Death lurks in the cup," says a temperance advocate. Ditto the bottle.

The American magazines are paying out a lot of money for pessimistic opinions.

Mention is made of an anti-hug corset. We don't believe there is such a thing.

Fat women may be seen almost anywhere except in the corset advertisements.

Many an old maid can write a lot of intelligent stuff about courtship and marriage.

Automobiles and interurban cars continue to have difficulty deciding which has the right of way.

A cow's tail runs a milking machine in Michigan. But it won't work except during the fly season.

The spiritualists are getting no word from Dr. James. There are probably no post cards where he is.

Our idea of an optimist is a man who takes a basket with him when he goes out looking for mushrooms.

The hobble skirt must go. A Massachusetts man fell and broke his leg while turning to look at one.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to shout amen to everything the preacher said?

A London paper refers to Uncle Joe as "the late Mr. Cannon," but doesn't say when the funeral was held.

The man who flew over the Alps is now as dead as Hannibal, who got across by slow, plodding methods.

This new fall millinery brings to mind the old shell game. The puzzle is to find which hat the girl is under.

Judging from the suffragette pictures we have seen the photographer forgot to tell his victims to look pleasant.

The world's gold supply is twice as large as it was a few years ago, but about all we get hold of are a few old, ragged paper dollars.

In Kansas City the school teachers are drilling the children in track crossing. A course in automobile dodging would not be a bad thing.

There are 26,000,000 widows in India. Were there that many in this country it would not be safe for an unmarried man to go around alone.

The Sultan of Sulu declares he is not looking for a wife. He has one, and he is as contented as the fellow who didn't need a second shirt.

The fifth wife is trying to get a divorce from a western man who doesn't drink, smoke, chew or swear. Marrying seems to be his only bad habit.

The W. C. T. U. of Chicago are going to cure the drink habit with apples. Fearing that matters might be made worse the Ben Davis variety will not be used.

"Opinions differ in New York," says the Washington Star, "as to whether Roosevelt is a leader or a pusher." We are inclined to believe that he is a persuader.

Ohio has a church membership of 1,742,873. Aside from these there may be half a million more people who have a nodding acquaintance with a preacher.

"Any woman is foolish to marry a poet," says Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne. But if the symptoms do not develop until after marriage, what is the poor woman to do?

There is rarely more than one genius in a family, and it often happens that his plodding brothers have to buy his clothes and keep him in spending money.

The Sultan of Sulu says one wife is enough. He used to have four, but after becoming benevolently assimilated he decided to dispose of three and settle down to quiet living.

The Figi gold rush ends suddenly. A dentist has made the discovery that the gold nuggets worn by a big chief were taken from the teeth of an Indiana man who was eaten by cannibals. The gold hunters are naturally "feeling down in the mouth."

Progressive Republicanism

II.

The Tariff.

An English magazine, reviewing the political situation in the United States, comments upon what it considers a strange combination of forces, the mingling of morality with those involving the Payne tariff law. We quote a sentence or two:

Now politics need not necessarily be unmoral, but it appears almost ludicrous to attack a question of policy, which is almost always a question of expediency, on the ground that it is unethical. The insurgents assert that they are making their appeal to the conscience of the country to do—what? That is where it looks to an impartial observer as if they had seized on "morality" to dress up politics in a more attractive guise, for morality to be something more than a vague expression must have a substantial basis. The insurgents have not formulated their grievance against the conservatives of their own party in the shape of an indictment setting forth in precise terms the "immorality" of which they complain, but the burden of their complaint is the tariff law enacted last year. It is rather a wrench to commonsense to mix up morality and the taxing system.

The trouble about the "impartial observer" the world over is that he does not observe. He is like the spectator at the play. He sees the actor folk move about, but he is not conscious of the directing power behind them. He does not know that stage hands are moving scenery as the stage director instructs, that the lights and shades are not matters with which the mummers have anything to do. He hears the dialogue and the speeches, but gives no thought to the author who wrote them or what emotion, need or inspiration caused him to write them.

If the tariff were the taxing system pure and simple it would have been ridiculous to have brought in the question of morality and so far the Englishman is right. But it was in the manner in which the taxing system was builded that the immorality entered. It was the influences behind the legislation which made parts of the new law immoral. It was the intrusion of tricks and subterfuges, the juggling of figures which meant quite another thing from what the public thought they meant—and to be fair—from what many of the members of congress thought they meant, that constitute immoralities. It was the voting on the part of certain members to fatten their own pocketbooks or those of their business associates and friends, which brings the question of morality into the discussion of the law.

In the first place, the way in which a tariff bill is prepared is wrong. As Mr. Roosevelt said in his speech at Sioux Falls, S. D., "Whenever men just like ourselves, probably not much better and certainly no worse—continually fail to give us the results we have a right to expect from their efforts, we may just as well make up our minds that the fault lies, not in their personality, but in the conditions under which they work; and profit comes not in denouncing them, but in seeing that the conditions are changed." The house committee on ways and means sits to take testimony on the tariff; that is, the members of it listen to the pleas, the arguments, the statistics and the statements which manufacturers, business men, representatives of labor organizations, importers and students of economics deliver. These may be right or they may be wrong. Bias and self-interest enter more completely into the situation than in any other governmental function. Mr. Carnegie pointed out to the committee that the reports of the steel trust showed that it made $15 profit on every ton of steel manufactured. Mr. Gary, appearing for the steel trust, said that his corporation could get along without any duty upon steel, but that it was really the duty of the government to protect the small, or independent manufacturers—the group which the steel trust would crush to dust if it could. There is a duty upon steel, and it exists largely because the trust brought to bear all its powerful influence to obtain it. The independents might have saved themselves the trouble they took for the same end.

This tariff law is better than any other which has ever been passed. But that is not to say it is a completely satisfactory law. And it is a satisfactory law which the people of this country demand today. There is what is called a "standard price" for typewriters in the United States—that is, all the big manufacturers charge the same or about the same for each machine. These same typewriting machines, it is averred, can be bought in London for something less than half the "standard price." Is there no immorality in that sort of protection? The house painter pays about $6 per hundred pounds for white lead, upon which a heavy duty is charged to keep out foreign competition. Yet white lead made in this country and paying ocean freight charges in addition to the railroad freight charges, is sold in Hamburg for $3.50 per hundred pounds. Is there not a just reason why the question of immorality is raised in this instance? Upon the ground of making certain duties uniform for the convenience of the collecting officers, the duty upon raw rubber was increased. Why not have made all duties the same and fitted the whole tariff business to the convenience of the customs houses? Nothing was said of that, but it has become known since the passage of the law and its signing that the senator who brought about the increase was interested in a rubber company which virtually holds a monopoly upon the importation and works with the manufacturing trust through a close alliance. Upon its face, the increase appears to hit the importer, and so the senator declared in his public defense. But, as a matter of fact, the importer has profited hugely, the company paying about 18 per cent in dividends within three months. Is there no immorality in "jokers?"

There is another phase of the making of a tariff law in which the question of morals enters. We will cite a concrete instance by way of illustration. Lumber has been rising in price so swiftly that a great barrier has been raised against the poor man, or the one in moderate circumstances, who wishes to build a home. The middle west in particular groaned under the burden. Not only had the prices been raised because of the lessening supply, but also because trade associations had fixed prices and maintained them arbitrarily. Had the duty been taken off we could have had the benefit of the immense lumber supplies in Canada. But the southern producers and those in the northwest fought for the maintenance of lumber duties. Democrats from the south and the northwest helped them to keep lumber off the free list and they were successful. Yet, when the whole bill came up for passage, the Democratic senators voted against it. They knew it would pass because of the Republican majority. So — while they did what they could for their own sections—they yet pose as opponents of the tariff and denounce the Payne law. Does not this vicious hypocricy constitute an immorality?

The country is absolutely committed to a protective tariff. It has so voted time after time. It does insist upon such protection as will help industries to fight a disadvantageous competition from abroad and will keep the standard of living for workingmen upon a high basis. The country will never adopt free trade willingly. Conditions, if ever they are so altered, can alone force free trade in America. Ten thousand times rather would Americans pay higher prices for commodities in order that the country obtain a revenue than pay taxes direct to federal collectors. The policy then goes back to fundamental principles. We shall have protective tariff, but it must be a satisfactory tariff.

A way has been found for obtaining such a tariff system. This is by means of a tariff commission. Such a one has been laboring for several months, obtaining facts about manufacture in this country, studying the Payne law minutely, balancing costs here against costs abroad, learning the requirements of industry and prying out the unholy "jokers" by means of which monopoly is builded and consumers are bilked. The high protectionists look upon the commission with disfavor. But it is not likely that the standpat influence will dominate in the next congress. Even a Democratic congress, if there be one, will hesitate to oppose the recommendations of the tariff commission, or ignore them, though it will come hard to give support to a progressive Republican measure. The tariff commission idea had its birth among the progressive Republicans and it was their determined stand which brought about its firm establishment, in spite of the combined opposition of standpat and Democratic members of congress.

This is the one way in which the tariff question can be settled—the one way in which factors of morality may be considered as apart from the taxing system. With a commission of high character—no better men were ever selected for public service than were those chosen for the commission by President Taft—the tariff law will be reviewed, changes made as they should be made, improvements injected from time to time and recommendations suggested. All this can be done without disturbing business or causing the halting of a single wheel of industry. We will then have a truly scientific tariff and the last of the log-rolling, back-scratching customs laws will have been written.

It was a great achievement in legislation and progressive Republicans are to be thanked for it. The issue of morality has been raised and raised with signal benefit to the nation.

LIVING IN AN ART GALLERY.

The American millionaire, having turned for a few moments from his desk, orders a country mansion. Three things only appear to his mind as essential—the house must cost a lot of money, be as big as a summer resort and have an Italian garden. Above everything else, the garden is specified emphatically. Then the millionaire turns back to his papers.

Today there are a thousand or more wonderful country palaces throughout the country. Where nature has been shy or slow, mighty pines, tall poplars and majestic elms have been transplanted, roots and all. Box hedges which had gained their growth after a century are bought up entire and now grace estates so new that the smell of paint insults the rural air. Few are privileged to see these chateaux, but anyone can study them at second-hand from the excellent photographs in the magazines, study them from Italian garden to the open plumbing, from the view from a distance to the bedrooms. There is beauty in amazing sweeping prospects, glorious, well-cared for trees and immense beds of flowers. The pictures are fascinating and one longs for millions for himself.

The page of the magazine is turned and here is a little, old-fashioned country house resting in a cove of the hills. Hollyhocks bloom along the fence. There are gnarled old apple trees and beneath them hives of bees. For prospect there is a view across a brook to a winding road and a hill beyond—scarce a mile. But the whole picture has the spell about it of home, comfort, an easy, simple matter of life.

Many a millionaire who opens a check-book in the presence of the architect and the landscape gardener thinks he is going to get such a haven as the little country house. Instead, he gets a sanitorium.

STANDPATTING IN KANSAS.

A subscriber in Kansas, feeling that he has superior advantages for observation, has sent us a definition of an insurgent, or rather of the mugwump who, in our Kansan's opinion, was the progenitor of the present-day mutineer:

An insurgent is a direct descendant of the old-time mug-wump, who was, compared with a true party man, the ornriest critter on God's green earth. He was nothing with the pith punched out. He was a busted gun, without lock, stock or barrel. He was a steer too lean for beef, too weak to work, and too poor for the hogs to follow him. He was a something that God Almighty made on an off day out of a job lot of dirt. He did not have lime, sand, hair or principle to mix him with. He had an angleworm for a backbone and nothing for a liver.

The definition is particularly interesting to us so far away since it indicates that, even in the tornado's center, there are those who can twine their arms around, twist their legs about and bury their teeth in to such purpose as to keep to one fixed spot. But the strain must be terrible. Heaven help the stand-patter in that land who untwines an arm to feel his bruises, untwists a leg to kick a passing insurgent or opens his mouth to deliver a definition. **He is lost.**

THE UNHERALDED TRUE.

The principal sin of the newspaper, one that is unavoidable, is that it makes the particular appear the general. The incident often gives the impression that it is the average.

For example:

The newspapers have been printing a sort of continued story of the domestic woes of a man more or less known to the entire American public. He is fond of the small town. He loves the place wherein he was born, and though he could well afford the luxuries of the great cities, he clings like a burr to the simpler manner of existence. It is different with his wife. Her tastes are for the brighter lights, the excitement and the sights of throngs. Furthermore she is determined to have these things and—as a result—the home is divided. The man sticks stubbornly to his preferences. The wife departs.

The affair has drawn the fire of the pulpit. "The American woman," we learn, "has lost her love for home." "Luxury is causing the abandonment of the homely virtues." So the condemnations have thundered. And in the congregations are women who are clinging vines, comrades of the truest, finest; mothers whose love for their offspring knows no dividing except with the father of the children. "Where thou lodgest I will lodge."

For every wreck thousands of trains reach destination safely. To each politician there are hundreds and hundreds of citizens who dislike the odor of politics. There are unnumbered wives, loyal and true, to every one who is unwomanly.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

A small, though conspicuous portion of the American press has been booming Roosevelt as a candidate for the presidency in 1912, not with his authority, but solely with the purpose of appearing foremost in political opinion-making. As a part of that game it was necessary to discredit Mr. Taft. It was hoped that Mr. Roosevelt would be persuaded into denouncing his own choice for a successor at the White House and by leading up to that longed-for hour gossip, rumor and pure falsehood have been set forth as bonafide news matter.

The New York Republican convention adopted a platform made in accordance with the views of Mr. Roosevelt. Of the President the platform says:

We enthusiastically endorse the progressive and statesmanlike leadership of William Howard Taft, and declare our pride in the achievements of his first eighteen months as President of the United States. Each succeeding month since his inauguration has confirmed the nation in its high estimate of his greatness of character, intellectual ability, sturdy common sence, extraordinary patience and perseverance—broad and statesmanlike comprehension of public questions and unfaltering and unswerving adherence to duty. He has strengthened our prestige with foreign nations and treated with vigor important international problems, notably our tariff relations with Germany, France and Canada.

The disappointment which came to this aforementioned small though conspicuous portion of the press must have been of the keenest. Where now are its gossip, its rumors and falsehoods? Told and printed and recorded against it. In the situation there can be but one thing for these newspapers to do—to turn and snarl their hate of Roosevelt.

MORE CUSTOMS FRAUDS.

The bottom of the customs frauds has, apparently, not been fathomed. The sugar swindles were only phases of it, the smuggling by dressmakers and millionaires but incidents. Down in the depths were thieveries in which importers of many kinds were involved.

The mass of the trouble is falling upon the business houses which paid customs employes to report underweights and to make false valuations. The members will suffer ruin in addition to work at hard labor in federal penitentiaries. Yet many of these men, it is known, became concerned in the thefts unwillingly. The customs men had a trick of forcing tribute. They would exact extra fees, report more than the actual weights, cause delays which were costly and harass the importers until in self-defense the business men "came across." Once they had subscribed to the graft, they had to keep on doing so. They couldn't stop without going out of business and even then the fear of blackmail hung over them. The customs men, having less to lose and having, moreover, powerful political influence for their protection in case of need, could play the bully and name about as high a price for their unfaithfulness as they thought the traffic could stand.

Much of the "protection" collected where the police is corrupt is from those who gain little and dislike the practice bitterly, but who feel that expediency demands it. The experience of the importers shows that expediency doesn't pay.

STUBBORN TO THE LAST.

Poor, old, perverse New York state! Wicked and obstinate in spite of the fact the New York Sun let it be known that its owner, J. Pierpont Morgan, disliked Roosevelt. Wrong-headed though the New York Evening Post had tried to make it plain that Roosevelt was no very distant relative of the polecat. Stupid and ridiculous though the New York World had despoiled the sewers of their principal duty in order to show how much it resented being proclaimed a liar and proved a coward. Utterly inconsiderate of the New York Times, which had wept bitterly because the waves hadn't swallowed Roosevelt when he crossed Long Island Sound in a powerboat.

Possibly no commonwealth has ever been so fully advised. The volunteer counsel was never before so big and imposing and so unequivocally endorsed by the "interests." There was, as they say in cultured circles, slathers of advice. It was of all the varying kinds and degrees of instruction. The bullying brand was well represented. Then there was the kind which told as nastily as it could nasty little hangover gossip and rumor from the administration closed two years ago. Misquotations of authority and misconstruction of history both played important parts. Between the breaths of the big fellows the little chaps tried tearful persuasion, mentioning the widow and the orphan who were in straits because speculative interest had gone out of the market. As a grand wind-up the reign of revolution, assassination, socialism, anarchy, witchcraft, high prices, low prices, panic, powder and tomfoolishness were each and severally promised unless the good, eversensible, shrewd and honorable people of the state of New York saw to it that Theodore Roosevelt was not made temporary chairman of the Republican convention at Saratoga.

And what did these silly people do? Saw to it that a majority of the delegates were pledged for Roosevelt! What can they think Wall street tolerates their existence for?

THE PEACH CROP FAILURE.

The elements last spring played one of their grim jokes. There had been weeks of warm, ground-stirring, frost-banishing weather. Then the winds twisted around in the other direction, the snow clouds rolled in and, instead of dreaming of the southland, the habitants of this section thought their disgust and dislike for the state of things as they are supposed to prevail in the Hudson Bay country, in chill Duluth and that storm factory around Medicine Hat and Elk Tooth.

The weather, however, was not more gloomy, disagreeable and generally distressing than the language which came out of the fruit belt. The peach crop had been ruined. Trees in bloom had been blighted. Disaster had settled upon the islands and short commons were promised for the stretch of orchards on the mainland. It was no ordinary, annual, false-alarm peach-crop ruin this time. It was the real thing and over the wires the word went the length and breadth of the country that peaches from northern Ohio would be found possibly in some cold-storage museum, but not upon the trees this season.

The purchasers showed up at the auctions as usual. There were peaches around them and about them, bushel baskets of them, car-loads of them, under shelter and out in the open where alone there was plenty of room. The orchard owners with regular customers shipped their products as usual, only more of them. Trains of peaches departed and the customary pleas went forth for more cars. Interurban lines carried enough peaches to keep every housewife busy. Not a cartoonist in the country was compelled to scurry about for a substitute for the old, tried and true canning season idea. The peaches were there.

It is about seven months yet before the next peach crop failure.

SAFETY FOR SAILORS.

From Beaufort, N. C., comes a dispatch saying that the inland canal under construction behind Cape Hatteras was now nearing completion. "Sailors will escape the dreaded graveyards." The canal will be open for traffic in December, the month of wrecks and wild winds. The dispatch closes: "Barges with a draft of eight feet can navigate the canal."

In short this wonderful canal will be a success upon the following conditions:—that the steamers plying between New York and the West Indies and the Gulf, having a draft of from twenty to thirty feet, be cut down so as to draw only eight; that the sailing vessels which can round Hatteras in depths not less than ten to eighteen feet jettison cargo so as to take advantage of a channel eight and a half feet deep; that all shipping adopt the flat bottom as more advantageous than the present style of marine architecture.

The Boston to Florida inland waterway scheme was a brilliant one, but as an achievement not quite so bright as that of getting an appropriation.

TOUCHING ON ECONOMY.

"The Republicans have had absolute possession of the White House, the senate and the house of representatives for over 13 years," says Champ Clark. "Why, then, have they not cut down the appropriations instead of increasing them? Simply because they cannot. They do not know how."

This is the keynote of Clark's campaign—Republican extravagance. The party having shown its incapacity to be economical, as he avers, it argues that the Democrats have that capacity. They do know how. They will save the government money. All of which is mere electioneering nonsense.

The records of "pork barrel" appropriation votes show that the Democrats in congress have been as eager to obtain money for public buildings and for river and harbor improvements as the Republicans have been. The representative from this district claims to have gained the appropriation for deepening the Maumee river, while at the same time he condemns the Republican majority for writing and passing a bill for a share in which he admits he labored and for which he undoubtedly cast an approving vote. It is scarce to be believed that he would be as illogical in the matter in Washington as he is at home. Were the Democrats in power in the house of representatives they would strive more industriously than ever to get at the trough. Many of them haven't been near it for years. They would now insist that their turn had come and make it more difficult for the President to veto the "pork" bills than it was for him at the last session. There are many ingenious ways to create this embarrassment at the White House and Champ Clark's followers are well grounded in all the tricks of it.

"They should put themselves out of place and out of power," says the representative from Missouri. If his reason why were given frankly it would be merely this—"because we want place and power."

THE COMRADE OF CHOLERA.

Fear walks hand and hand with plague. The one slays as many as the other. The terrified flee and are stricken by the roadside. Those who may, journey far, and dread, journeying with them, strikes them down. It is the history of the great epidemics and now history is at the task of repeating itself in Naples.

The city has a name for picturesqueness, but it is a charm which falls flat upon the sensitive. For it is unspeakably dirty and is said to have quarters the like of which can be found only in the stews of such cities as Canton, in China, and Tangier, in Morocco. In such a place the cholera **has an amazingly fertile breeding ground.** There are Americans who remember the scenes in this country when the cholera swept from the Atlantic to the Missouri and made a swift foray upon the Pacific coast. They can well believe the cablegrams that people die in the streets of Naples, that the populace riot against authority and a hundred thousand flee. Upon a smaller scale the cholera came to American communities and, as in Italy, it came attended with terror. It was this comrade who labored when the disease rested.

MYOPIC UNCLE JOE.

Should Joseph G. Cannon ever retire from public life and, beyond the turmoil and dust of politics, review these last few years of his career, he would develop an entirely new set of opinions. Today he looks upon insurgency as a personal effront. He feels it is about him and around him that all the noise of rebellion is raised. Every blow is a personal blow to him and he juts forth his breast as one whose head is bloodied, but whose heart is unafraid.

Victor Murdock was the first of the house insurgents. It was Murdock who had to receive the fullest weight of Cannon's fists. It was he who was suppressed, forbidden the right to talk, humiliated in committee, upon the floor of the house, in the streets of Washington. Yet it is doubtful if Murdock, bearer of the deeper wounds, takes any pleasure in the personal sufferings of Cannon. The fight long ago passed the old man by. No more is it one of harnessing and taming him and breaking his power and his spirit. The battle is with that which Cannon has represented and still thinks he represents, little understanding that special interest has no faith in or sympathy for a losing champion.

Uncle Joseph keeps too close to the action. If he would but climb some quiet, soaring hill and study the whole field, of past and of present, he would behold the field through quite another pair of spectacles.

PROGRESS IN THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

The country school teacher of tradition was of two kinds—one whom the big pupils could whip, the other characterized by a firm jaw and a constitution like barb wire fencing, who could whip the big pupils. The autobiographies of members of congress indicate that the country school was as excellent a foundation for statesmanship as the log cabin was for a President. There, our law-makers-to-be, dealing with trustees, obtained an early practice in politics and there they grounded themselves in a more or less accurate system of information which was of extreme usefulness upon the stump in filling in the gaps between thoughts. Incidentally, the tremendous gain to education by the promotion should not be lost sight of.

The country school teacher of the present bears no relation to the one of tradition other than that she is of the same hardy stock. The old, muscular breed was no more self-reliant than the manifestly unmuscular teacher of today. He ruled his classes with **the firm eye and the willing forearm.** She rules with a cool diplomacy. He had respect where she has devotion. He was given to posing. She would laugh scornfully at the trick. He nourished the idea that the human mind had reached its uttermost capacity for learning when he figured out the last example in Ray's arithmetic. She knows more than he ever dreamed was to be known and she never shows off.

The country school teacher of this generation is less a personality shining as a bright light in the district than a part of a watchful machine, keeping tab upon her labors, noting her progress, directing and disciplining. She is in touch with advanced methods and the methods of the profession are in intimate touch with her thought and her experience. Life with the country school teacher is far different than it was. Who would have imagined twenty years ago Teacher coming to school by trolley? Who would have conceived her of dark days turning on the electric light fed from a nearby interurban line? Who would have thought of a telephone in the schoolroom as other than an amazing waste and folly?

Teaching in the country was once but a make-shift for men, an occupation providing bread while ambition was worlds away and where the desire to achieve success at hand was less strong than the desire for statutes permitting one to skin a rebellious pupil alive. The country school teacher hopes for better things, better opportunities, better salary. But, before gaining these, she expects to do well with her country school.

NEW YORK STATE TAMMANYIZED

The "Roosevelt Luck" is becoming uncanny. What he cannot do for himself his enemies do for him.

The Republican party in New York, it looked for a while, was split in twain. Never did there seem a better chance for the Democrats to capture control of the state. They have seen the chance and they have been talking and boasting about it for months. The poor old donkey with the drooping head was taking on a semblance of cheerfulness. In many a printing shop the galley-boy was put at the task of hunting up the long-forgotten roosters.

The Democrats of New York have held their convention. They paraded and shouted their confidence in victory. Then they proceeded about the business of making a ticket. This consisted first of turning the state party over to "Boss" Murphy of Tammany Hall. He juggled with and played with it until he caught the eye of everyone so there could be no mistake about the personality in control. Then he turned in his list of candidates and the convention promptly made the nominations.

The Democracy of New York has been thoroughly Tammanyized. Is it probable that Republicans, however stirred by factional enmities, can bring themselves to vote for a Murphy puppet? It isn't likely. Roosevelt's man will carry New York.

Nearly every week brings a new hero of the air, but some of them don't outlive their glory.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

GETTING MOST OUT OF LIFE

International Sunday School Lesson for October 9 Is "The Parable of the Talents," Matt. 25:14-30.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

After visiting many of the great art galleries of Europe, I found myself with a growing resentment against the common artistic conception of Christ. Most commonly he is portrayed, either as a baby or as a corpse. The paintings which represent him in life show an effeminate, characterless face. His is a countenance for the stained glass windows of a convent; but in the market places of the world, where strong men meet, it would not invite respect. The artists and, too, often the theologians, have robbed Jesus of his strong humanity.

It is a matter of simple record, patent to anybody who will spend an hour with his New Testament, that Jesus of Nazareth was a strong human personality, attractive to the rough and ready people who lived close to the soil. A stained glass window saint would have had scant hearing in Galilee. The teachings of Jesus, though often sublime, about his hearers' comprehension, were teachings of practical wisdom. His parables are ful of working philosophy. The people who try to walk in the way he prescribes are, in the long run, the happiest and most prosperous people on earth. His words are the best rule of conduct for this world, as well as the only guide to felicity in the next.

A Human Story.

One of the deathless stories of Jesus, which today engages the thought of the Sunday schools, is the familiar parable of the Talents. Like last week's lesson of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, it deals with an inevitable day of reckoning, but it is likewise full of the most practical counsel for conduct in the unheeding world of human beings. The story is so athrob with eternal reality, that we could easily date it in the year 1910, and put names and places to it; even as Hall Caine says his novels are mere modernizations of the Bible incidents.

Thus runs the parable: A householder, about to leave home for a long period, entrusted his wealth to three servants. Probably upon whose revenue they earned for him he was dependent on his journeys, and assuredly the three servants stood in a place of sacred responsibility. Always the law has recognized the peculiar obligations resting upon a trustee. Knowing well his servants and their capacity, the householder gave to one five talents, a very large sum, equivalent in our day to fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, according as we accept the heavy or lighter talent as meant. To another he gave two talents, and to another one. This parable, let me stop to say, must not be confused with the somewhat similar parable, told earlier by Jesus, of the pounds; orators and writers have often made the absurd mistake of speaking of a talent wrapped in a napkin. It was a pound that was wrapped in a napkin; the talent was worth sixty times as much as the pound. In one story, all the servants received alike; in the other, acording to their several ability In details and in teaching the two parables differ widely. A practical result of this lesson should be to give the separate identity of these two pieces of literature in the minds of al students.

The use made by the three servants of the talents entrusted them is the point of the story. The first two men traded diligently with their capital, and after a period of time doubled it. The third, in craven fearfulness, unwilling to take any responsibility, buried his talent in the ground until his Lord's return. The five-talent man and the two-talent man were praised and rewarded by their master in exactly the same words; the third man, despite his pusillanimous whimperings, or perhaps partly because of them, was thrown out into the darkness.

Into the Market Place.

One contrast between the stories told by Jesus and the apocryphal legends is that the former deal largely with normal human relationships, whereas the latter are pervaded by an air of unreality. It seems as if Jesus tried in every way to accentuate the present worldliness of his gospel. His words were for men in a world of men. He himself lived close to artisan, farmer, merchant, and he knew all about the burdens, perplexities and injustices which each had to face.

This story is a call to the market place, and not to the cloister. The one condemned man in it is he who lacked the nerve to go out into the world where men do business and there increase his talent. The heroes of the story were no dreamy egotists, wasting their powers in self-centered indecision. They plunged straightway into the thick of trade and they proved their fidelity by their activity, wasting no time in disloyal contemplation of their master's personal characteristics. One of the wholesome signs about the present day laymen's movement is that it does not try to make mooning monastics out of men of business. Right where they stand, if their business be honorable, they are to serve the Lord Christ; and to serve him, too, by the increase of the talents with which he has dowered them. In the stress and strain and struggle of everyday commerce, they are to make manhood and make money for God. The dark ages of the church were when the notion prevailed that men should withdraw from their fellowmen in order to be good. The Parable of the Talents has a far different teaching.

Who Is the Greatest Man?

One day I talked with a leading American whose own career is known to but few of his fellow countrymen, and he was speaking judicially concerning another American prominent in public life. The second man, he declared, is really not great, although famous; for his native gifts are not these of the world's mighty men. I have often thought of that judgment, as I have watched the growing power of the one man, and his increasing nobleness, while the other has never emerged from his obscurity. The question arises, "Who is the great man?" Is it the most richly talented man, or the one who multiplies most the talents he has? Is it he who is born with brains, and into place and opportunity; or he who overcomes an adverse fate and makes his life a servant of his trials? History is full of tales of gifted men who amounted to little or nothing, and fuller of other men who dared to employ to the full the lesser ability which they possessed. Here is a man neither learned nor brilliant who reaches millions with real messages of cheer; and over yonder sits another who condemns him as a commonplace fellow—although he himself makes no use of his superior brains. Which is the greater man?

The parable is defective in that it does not portray the five-talent men who fail. It is not only the one-talent men who bury their treasure. Even more striking are the many cases of those born under the motto, "noblesse oblige," who, with a spacious heritage of good name and tradition, the best training, leisure, and noble environment, yet waste their talents in idleness or futile self-pleasing. We often have pictured to us the ghastliness of the failure of the drunkard or the gambler; it is time that somebody should limn in true colors the failure of the prosperous loafer. It is not the talents we are given, but the use we make of them, that determines our success or failure in life.

Two Successes.

Two out of three men in this story were successes. Both stood true in their trust, and both doubled their talents. So both were rewarded in exactly the same words; the one who had made two talents got as much as the one who had made five; for they were being rewarded for diligence and fidelity, and not for gross receipts. Jesus was fond of illustrating the principle that to whom much is given, of him much will be required.

The Man Who Failed.

One character in the story turns out bad. He simply buried his talent, and spent the time until his lord's return in thinking up excuses for his failure. A slang phrase declares that "the Lord Almighty hates a quitter." This is perhaps an overvigorous and colloquial sentence, but it is theologically sound. Salvation is promised to those who persevere. This one-talent servant simply quit. He "fell down." He lost his nerve. He did not even "come up to the scratch" to try for the race. His is the shameful figure of one who was afraid to dare.

Worse yet, at the time of reckoning he whimpered and whined. There were not even enough shreds of manhood in him to enable him to stand up to his just punishment. He tried to lay on the lord (a fashion still widely prevalent) the responsibility for his own shortcomings. He belonged to the ignoble company of loafers in barrooms, cigar stores and clubs, who are ever volubly telling why they have failed to make good. It never occurred to him to blame his own miserable self. How different would our attitude be toward him and his kind, had he or they the courage to say, "I failed because I was a coward and a weakling." But there seemed to be no redeeming trait in him; he was fit only for outer darkness.

Varieties

China produces 4000,000 ounces of gold yearly.

Nearly one-fifth of the area of France is forest land.

The first wheeled carriages were used in France in 1559.

The king of England in exempt from motor regulations.

Great Britain exports about one-quarter of the coal it mines.

The infant mortality of London is 124 a thousand births a year.

The principal industries of Holland are agriculture and cattle breeding.

It is estimated that 3,500,000 children of England celebrate Empire day.

British postoffices handle 15,000,000 letters and 250,000 telegrams a day.

Alabama has held third place among the states for iron production since 1891.

Germany and the United States are the world's leading markets for tobacco.

A declining birth rate is a feature common to nearly all European countries.

Something like 300,000 horsepower is going to waste in the waterfalls of Iceland.

Although it weighs only half a pound, a female herring will lay 45,000 eggs at a time.

Sunflower seeds are eaten in Russia as much as peanuts are eaten in the United States.

Of every 1,000 marriageable persons in this country, under 50 are married.

There are over 175,000,000 of acres under wheat cultivation in the world.

Successful efforts to reclaim waste warsh lands by raising celery are being made in Bermuda.

At Bagdad the French system of weights and measures has superseded the old Turkish system.

The exports from Australia of rabbit skins to the United States have nearly doubled within a year.

The cenerti plaza and several entire streets in Valparaiso, Chili, are being raised about 40 inches.

To take up the strain more evenly a Swedish inventor has produced electric cables with hempen cores.

The average pay of the enlisted men of the navy is $35.75 a month.

Seven companies supply London with gas and the prices vary from 49 to 80 cents for 1,000 feet.

The Syrian mission press at Beirut prints the Bible in Arabic for 60,000,000 of people who speak that tongue.

A New York man was sentenced to four years in the penitentiary the other day for stealing a 5-cent hand mirror.

Manchester has just received a cargo of thick liquid sugar from Cuba. The shipment was conveyed in a tank ship.

Births, in proportion to the number of married, are about 7 per cent higher in country districts than in large towns.

It is estimated that electric illumination is used by about 700,000 out of a total of about 8,500,000 households in the United States.

Boston's shopping district subway, which cost $10,000,000, is the most expensive mile of underground railroad in the world.

Japan will encourage its merchant marine by a provision that vessels carrying foreign flags shall not engage in the coastwise trade.

There were 12 deaths due to smallpox in England and Wales in 1909, and 9 deaths due to the effects of improper vaccination.

It is a Kansas woman who has a patent on a fan provided with a sheet of absorbent material to hold water to cool the air which it agitates.

Between Hungary and the United States a parcels post convention went into effect July 1, 1910. Parcels up to 11 pounds in weight may be sent.

For a long time in English history white has been considered the unlucky color for coronations. Charles I. wore white vestments when he was crowned.

Buenos Ayres is the fourth city in the two Americas and 20 per cent of all the people of Argentina live within a radius of 20 miles of the capital.

Some of the 1,175 teachers in London unemployed at the end of last year had to become typists and envelope addressers, while became a cab driver.

The last enumeration of missionaries in China gives their number as 3,278. The native church is doubling about every seven years, and the missionary force every 10 years.

The total value of all farm animals enumerated on January 1, 1910, was $5,138,486,000, as compared with $4,535,259,000 on January 1, 1909, an increase of $603,227,000, or 13.6 per cent.

Owing to the continued increase of business at Fiume the facilities have been found inadequate and an additional breakwater has been in process of construction during the last year.

Canada has received 1,445,288 new citizens in 10 years. Of this number, 658,000 came from British isles, 497,000 from the United States and the remainder from various countries.

An interesting and apparently successful experiment has been made in Thessaly in the cultivation of Egyptian cotton, with modern machinery and under the direction of an expert from Egypt.

The cotton crop of Adana, Turkey, it is estimated, will amount to 100,000 bales this year as against only 60,000 bales in 1909. The average weight of a bale is 200 kilos, or 440 pounds.

A penal reform league has been established in England to obtain and circulate accurate information concerning criminals and their treatment, and to promote a sound public opinion on the subject.

It has been decided to provide whistles for the Paris police. Whistles are common in Germany, and one cannot think of a New York or London policeman without his mind turning to the whistles.

Sample boxes of tomatoes, packed in peat and sawdust, were recently despatched from Toronto to Covent garden. It is thought that a brisk trade in this vegetable can be developed between England and Ontario.

During the flower season two special trains every day carry flowers from Nice, in southern France, northward to Paris, London, Berlin and St. Petersburg. The production of flowers in 1909 was 7,938 tons, valued at $5,790,000.

One way in which the New Brunswick government has encouraged farming progress lies in the importing of cattle and horses of approved breeds and selling them to farmers at cost price, in some instances time being given on part of the purchase price.

Duralumin, a new patented alloy of aluminum, discovered by Mr. Weeks, chemist at Maxim's works, is said to be as strong as steel and almost as light as aluminum. New works at Birmingham will manufacture it. Duralumin may be a help in aviation.

Central America buys on the average $27,000,000 worth of American goods yearly and sends the United States $13,000,000

NEW STEEL ROOFING $1.60 PER 100 SQ. FEET

STEEL SIDING $1.85 PER 100 SQ. FT. LOOKS LIKE BRICK

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FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Rose, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

$10,000 FOR A SONG RECENTLY PAID

Send us your song poems for examination and offer. Klikus Dugdale Co. Dept. 200, Washington, D.C.

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$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas, WH174, Chicago.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED—Safe, pleasant, permanent home treatment. Physicians recommended. Greatest discovery of century. No craving, no fighting. Full instructions. NI-KO-TEA Co., 14, Wichita, Kansas.

ROOSEVELT'S Marvelous Life and Adventures. Millions will be sold. Experience unnecessary. Big money. Outfit free. Star Publishing Co., 211 Madison st., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Ladies, make supporters. $12 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supporter Co., Department W. 4, Chicago.

PILES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills. Safe, dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. The National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD—Past and future, love, marriage, business, etc. Send birthdate and 10c. Charles Guv. Box 106, Longueuil, P. Que.

50 ART POST CARDS, 10c. Scenes, landscapes, etc. M. ART SALES AGENCY, Box 1, Chicago.

MARRY—Book of descriptions and photos of ladies sealed. FREE. The Exchange, Box 899 P. O., Kansas City, Mo.

HE'D LIKE TO RETURN

Stepmother of Mrs. Leeds Wants a Home.

New York, Sept. 29.—Mrs. William Stewart, who, following her recent separation from her husband, the brother of Mrs. W. B. Leeds, the $30,000,000 widow of the tin plate king, was roughly evicted from her palace in fashionable South Mountain avenue, Montclair, N. J., by the direction of Mrs. Leeds, received overtures of peace yesterday in the form of delicate financial hints.

The action of Mrs. Leeds in having Mrs. Stewart carried bodily out of the mansion, clad in flimsy kimono and strapped in a sheet, was said to be due to Mrs. Stewart's spending the Leeds' millions at a $7,000 a month clip.

After he had considered it expedient to separate from Mrs. Stewart and take up his abode with his youngest daughter, Mrs. Henderson Green, of Milburn, N. J., Mr. Stewart decided to bring his second wife to time through his daughter, Mrs. Leeds, by summary reduction of funds at her disposal and dispossessing her of her home, which is owned by Mrs. Leeds. But when Mrs. Stewart began talking freely to reporters of tales she would tell, Mr. Stewart began to think of more diplomatic measures.

The notoriety attached to the case has been most distasteful to Mrs. Leeds and her relatives. Mrs. Stewart appeared yesterday on the piazza of the big Montclair hotel, where she is living temporarily with her daughter, Miss Ferne Parkhurst Stewart, and said that after all the case might be settled amicably and that her lawyers had suggested that she refrain from further explosions of wrath over her husband and Mrs. Leeds.

It was learned today that Mrs. Stewart has been offered $1,000 a month without the house. She turned down this offer. She wants her jewels and gowns and home intact and a large income. Her actual living expenses have been $1,500 a month, according to tradespeople.

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5 days. If you do not wish to continue, costs you nothing. I am treating catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises, and Discharges, with a remarkable new treatment. I want to send a course of this treatment with two instruments to every reader, by mail, all charges prepaid, to try 15 days. Send no money. Write for my free trial treatment today. Give full description of your case. W. O. COFFEE, Dept. 663 Des Moines, Iowa.

Toledo Blade Patterns

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6580 Breakfast Jacket, 34 to 44 bust.

6801 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 34 to 42 bust.

8750 Fancy Gathered Blouse, 34 to 40 bust.

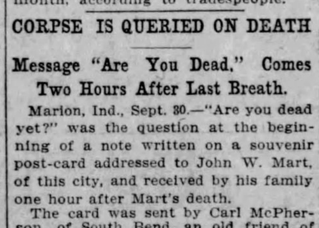
6684 One-Piece Bolouse, 34 to 42 bust.

6657 Fancy Tucked Waist, 32 to 40 bust.

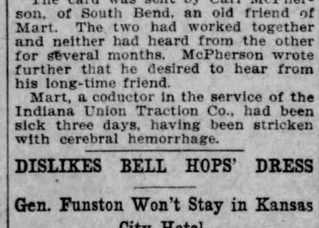
6597 Child's Dress, 2 and 4 years.

6735 Boy's Blouse, 6 to 12 years.

6244 Dressing Jacket, 34 to 44 bust.



6303 Sacque Night-Gown, 32 to 44 bust.



5896 Pattern to Reboot Stockings, 8, 9 and 10 inches.

CHOLERA IN NAPLES

Plague Has Reached the Mob Stage and People Are Driven to Frenzy.

BULLETIN.

Naples, Sept. 29.—The work of the port has been suspended practically in consequence of the cholera epidemic in the poorer quarters of the city.

All foreign steamship lines refuse to take on either passengers or freight here.

Rome, Sept. 29.—Cholera in Naples has reached the mob stage.

So deeply has fear of the disease struck into the hearts of the residents of the city that they rise in anger at every show of the plague or at anything which serves to remind them of the policy of truth-suppression which has kept the sanitation officials from acting as they might to check the epidemic.

Two strangers who sought lodgings in a poor quarter of the city yesterday were rescued from a lynch-law death at the hands of a mob only by the arrival of a heavily armed squad of police. As it was the strangers were severely injured.

As the seekers after lodgings walked down the street they looked about them for a likely place. Here and there they stopped, then moved on. At one of these haltings they were surrounded by children, to whom one of them offered candy from a package he carried. At once there was an outcry. Angry people leaped from every doorway, yelling that the strangers were spreading the cholera and trying to poison the children. In a minute there was a mob and if the police had not arrived when they did there would have been a double murder.

Superstitious Dread.

This was in a part of the city which has been particularly subject to the scourge, which has, by sudden blows, claimed victim after victim in the poorer sections of Naples. To the people who inhabit that quarter, ignorant as most of them are, there is something mysterious, something ghostly, something more than bacteriology in the appearance of the deadly disease. A family arises in the morning, eats, drinks and hears of deaths overnight in the neighborhood. That is not well. At noon a child is taken ill. Before the sun goes down he is dead. His corpse is to these people less a menace to health than an inspiration to fear, and when that fear has taken hold there is little to do but sit through the day before the houses and cry down the negligence of the officials—for that is what the Neapolitans call it.

The official report issued last night states that during the past 24 hours 15 new cases of Asiatic cholera have appeared in the city of Naples, with nine deaths, four new cases in the province of Naples outside the city, and three new cases and one death in the province of Bari.

CHINA IS IN TURMOIL

Outbreak Like Boxer Rebellion Is Feared.

Washington, Sept. 30.—Advices have been received here from American officials in the Orient to the effect that a critical situation exists in China, and that an outbreak similar to the Boxer rebellion of several years ago would not surprise the close observers of the recent trend of events.

Diplomatic officials in China have been instructed to maintain a close watch on internal conditions and to submit quick telegraphic reports as the occasion warrants. The advices thus far received indicate that the unrest in China is so great that only a leader is needed to put the spark of life into an open rebellion. All through the summer months there have been muterings of discontent in some of the Chinese provinces arising from the rice famine, dynastic difficulties and dissatisfaction over acts of the Pekin government as to foreign investments in China. The United States army and navy forces in the Philippines and in Asiatic waters, it was stated her today, are prepared for any emergency. Four cruisers and six gunboats are available, and all of the vessels are within reach somewhere between China and the Philippines.

TUBERCULAR CATTLE EXHIBIT

State Veterinarian to Conduct Demonstration at Ottawa Fair.

Ottawa, Oct. 1.—Dr. Paul Fischer, state veterinarian of Columbus, has arranged to have five cows badly affected with tuberculosis, sent to Ottawa for the purpose of making a practical demonstration on the fair grounds of what tuberculosis means, and how it appears.

The United States government will send inspectors to witness the slaughter of the animals next Wednesday, and make notes on their condition.

Diseased and affected parts of the animals will be taken after the killing and placed under glass in the largt exhibit which Doctor Fischer will show in his tent on the grounds. The Putnam county fair is the only place in Ohio that offers this rare opportunity to see such a valuable demonstration to stock growers and others.

The hog cholera demonstration will also be a valuable one.

PARDONS 4 SUGAR WEIGHERS.

Taft Hears They Helped Prosecutor and Changes Mind.

Washingtn, Oct. 1.—President Taft has pardoned Edward A. Boyle, John R. Coyle, Patrick J. Hennessey and Thomas Kehoe, four sugar weighers, who are serving sentences for connection with the sugar frauds at New York. The President less than a month ago refused to pardon the men.

Henry L. Stimson, special attorney for the government in charge of the customs prosecutions, later made representations to the President that the four convicted men had given him very valuable information, which he used in the trials of Gerbracht and Heike.

The President reconsidered the case and pardoned the four men on Mr. Stimson's recommendations.

TRAPPER'S GUIDE FREE

Tells you when, where and how to trap. Tells you of Animal Baits that are as important to a trapper as traps. Reveals trapping secrets and gives methods that will increase the catch of any old trapper and quickly make successful trappers of the inexperienced.

Tells how to prepare skins and how to get the most money for them.

The book also contains the Game Laws of all the States and Canada and gives other information worth many dollars to any trapper. It will be sent to you free if you write at once.

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How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs, so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

RAILROAD LEADER DIES

Nicholas Monsarrat Was Formerly T. & O. C. Head

New York, Sept. 30.—Nicholas Monsarrat, of Columbus, O., president of the Kanawha and Michigan railway, died suddenly in this city today. He was formerly president of the Toledo & Ohio Central railroad.

Mr. Monsarrat's death followed an operation at a sanitarium on Wednesday.

Born at London, Canada, in 1839, Mr. Monsarrat entered the railway business in 1872, and since that time had held many offices of responsibility, among others president of the Hocking Valley, Toledo & Ohio Central, and Zanesville & Western roads. He also assisted in the reorganization of several lines of which he was receiver.

CAVALIERI HAS $2,000,000

Singer Denies She Married Chanler for Money.

Paris, Sept. 29.—Not a word will Lina Cavalieri say for publication except, "I did not marry for money, for I am rich." The singer is kept informed daily of the progress of affairs in America. Many estimates of the singer's wealth, not including her jewels, have been made. Her fortune is placed above $1,000,000. Her jewel collection is said to be worth about $1,000,000 more.

1,000 HOMELESS AFTER STORM

Typhoon Devastates Four Towns in Philippines.

Manila, Sept. 30.—A typhoon of unusual severity swept over the valley of the Cayagan river in the provinces of Cayagan and Isabela, northern Luzon, on September 24.

Four towns, including Ilagan, the capital of Isabella province, were practically demolished.

A thousand persons are still homeless and destitute, but the dispatches so far received indicate that there were no casualties.

The tobacco crop was seriously damaged. The government is making relief plans.

ACTRESS WIFE AT RENO

Virginia Harned Asks Divorce From Sothern.

Reno, Nev., Oct. 1. — Virginia Harned Sothern, the well known actress, today filed suit for divorce against Edward H. Sothern, the prominent actor. The suit was filed in the district court here.

Mrs. Sothern alleges failure to provide and desertion for a period of more than one year. The complaint is unsealed and alleges that Sothern deserted the plaintiff in 1906, 10 years after their marriage at Philadelphia. Since that time the plaintiff alleges her husband has failed to contribute to her support.

Mrs. Sothern alleges a six months' residence, and also alleges that her husband is now and has been for the past two years a resident of Washoe county, Nevada.

This is the second suit for divorce filed by Mrs. Sothern. Two years ago she began an action, but the decree was denied on account of Mr. Sothern having never resided in Nevada.

WON'T EAT WITH HIM

Catholic Prelates Refuse to Be at Roosevelt Table.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—As a result of the Vatican imbroglio of last spring, three prelates of the Catholic church, an archbishep and two bishops, have refused to sit at the table with Theodore Roosevelt when he is the guest of the Knights of Columbus at Peoria October 12. More than 200 priests of the church also will find it convenient to be absent from the banquet, to which they were invited by their laymen brother churchmen in the Knights of Columbus.

Methodists Are Angry.

The incident of Rome is being somewhat parallelled in Peoria. There the colonel finds himself in bad odor with the Methodists because he was refused to attend their ceremonies incidental to the laying of a corner-stone for a deaconess' home. In order that he might accept the invitation of the Knights of Columbus, the former president was obliged to decline the invitation of the Peoria Methodists. The action of Col. Roosevelt in declining the invitation has angered the Peoria Methodists.

None of the prelates who will absent themselves would talk for publication. Some of their more intimate acquaintances and associates, however, speak freely of the matter.

Requests Pour In.

Archbishop J. J. Glennon, of St. Louis, who was to have been seated at the speakers' table, has found it "impossible to attend the banquet." Bishop P. J. Muldoon, of Rockford, has found "other engagements will prevent him from being present." Bishop M. Dunne of the Peoria diocese, "will not be in Peoria on October 12," although, he, too, was one of the specially invited guests and was listed as a speaker.

RICE SURRENDERS

Head of Sheftels Gives Up and Has Jerome to to Defend Him.

New York, Sept. 30.—Simon Jacob Herzig, who, under the name of George Graham Rice, is said to have been the guiding hand in the affairs of Sheftels & Co., today surrendered himself to United States Commissioner Shields. Herzig appeared, accompanied by former District Attorney William Travers Jerome, whom he has engaged to defend him. His examination was set for October 5, and he was released on $15,000 bail.

Women Involved.

New York, Sept. 30.—George Graham Rice, whose real name is Simon Jacob Hertzig, leading spirit in the raided brokerage firm of B. H. Sheftels & Co., of 44 Broad street, is under federal espionage today.

Secret service men hunted for him in a fine apartment near Central Park west, where he is said to have fled in an automobile when he learned that postal officials had swooped down on the company's offices in several cities throughout the country.

Involved more or less directly, and all of them probably guiltlessly, in the case are four women. They are Edna Goodrich, actress; Miss Elizabeth Lafell, known as "the woman of mystery," in whose home Rice is believed to be hiding; Miss Esther Quinn, who is suing Prof. Peck, of Columbia university, and Rice's first wife, from whom he is now separated.

Miss Quinn was working the Boston branch of the firm when the federal officers swooped down upon the place.

Used Goodwin's Name.

Nat Goodwin at one time allowed his name to be used by Rice. It was learned today that through the influence of Edna Goodrich, his wife, he was persuaded to end his relations with the promoter. Miss Goodrich feared he would lose money.

Miss Lafell came to New York a few years ago from Kentucky, and it was reported she was a "silent partner" in the concern. Rice admired her greatly and may have accepted her advice in business deals. She said today she would aid Rice to her last penny. He was one of the whitest and squarest men that ever walked Broadway, she said, and it was a shame to rake up his past.

Miss Lafell admitted Rice had given her a great deal of money, but she said Rice was now almost penniless, as he was a good spender.

Miss Lafell thought Goodwin bught to help Rice after all "the money he had made out of the concern," she said.

SHARK IS FIRST-RATE EATING

Savants at Fisheries Convention Say It's a Dainty.

New York, Sept. 30.—Shark meat is a dainty of high quality according to the savants who are here attending the sessions of the American Fisheries society. They declare that the creatures are altogether edible and that it is only a foolish prejudice which keeps them from being served as a delicacy.

One scientist says he prefers shark to lobster. Prof. Theodore Gill declares that shark meat broiled has "a flavor as fine as anything which comes from the water." Several of the delegates expressed the belief that the cultivation of the shark as a food fish might do much to solve the problems of the higher cost of living.

A discussion of caviar occupied one of the sections. Dr. Louis Hussakoff, assistant curator of ichthyology of the American Museum of Natural History, said that most of the caviar sold in this country is made from the roe of the Mississippi spoonbill and not from the sturgeon. He assured consumers however, by the assertion that the imitation product is as good as, or possibly better than the genuine.

AT 101 HE ASKS FOR AID

Aged Man Says Four Sons Won't Help Him.

New York, Sept. 30.—Jacob Boniface, 101, went before Magistrate Naumer in the domestic relations court, Brooklyn, yesterday and asked that his four grown sons, all of whom are working, be compelled to contribute to his support.

Boniface was assisted to court by his daughter, Mrs. Martha Wienberg, with whom he lives at 475 Hamburg avenue. His sons, Henry, Benjamin, Louis and Gustav, according to the old man, refused to aid him.

Louis and Gustav were in court and they each promised to pay their father $1 a week. As Mr. Boniface seemed satisfied and the other two sons had agreed to make a like contribution, the case was dismissed and all left the court room together.

FUNNY STORY KILLS LISTENER

Fresno, Cal., Oct. 3.—N. C. Shahbazian, a members of the Armenian colony here, lies dead at his home, as the result of a funny story told at a housewarming party that he attended.

Shahbazian, who was a tailor, had a great reputation for his genial nature. A friend was narrating his experiences of a hunting trip several days before, when Shahbazian was so tickled with the story that he began to laugh inordiately.

His friends were terrified when he broke a blood vessel at the base of his brain and tumbled over unconscious. He lingered for two days without recovering consciousness.

GET MILLION AND HALF FISH

Beaufort, N. C., Sept. 29.—A million and a half fat-back fish were caught off here yesterday and fishermen who came ashore last night reported that as far as the eye could reach the ocean was red with the fish.

Nearly 200 men are employed in catching them. The fat-backs, properly called menhadens, are not fit for food, but are dried and manufactured into oils and guano.

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BROOKINS SETS RECORD

Makes Continuous Flight of 88 Miles Overland, Alighting in Good Order.

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 30.—Aviator Walter Brookins alighted gracefully with his aeroplane in the state fair grounds at 4:27 p. m yesterday, seven hours, four minutes out from Chicago, after having sailed his Wright biplane the 187 miles with two stops.

He descended at Gilman, Ill., 75 miles from his starting point in Washington park, Chicago, at 11:30 a. m., and at Mt. Pulaski, Ill., 163 miles. The first stop was for water, oil and gasoline; the second for supplies and because his pump had broken and the engine became hot.

The railroad distance from the start in Chicago to Springfield is 187 miles. His official starting time was 9:15 a. m. The longest sustained flight was from Gilman, Ill., to Mt. Pulaski, 88 miles.

Brookins thus broke Charles K. Hamilton's record for sustained cross country flight of 86 miles from New York to Philadelphia. He also made the longest cross country continued flight in America, and thereby won the $10,000 prize offered by the Chicago Record-Herald.

Everybody Out to See.

In both places where the aviator alighted vast throngs gathered. Farmers, tradesmen and residents rushed from their field, shops and homes to see what an aeroplane looked like at short range.

As Brookins swept out of the field at Mt. Pulaski one of the small rubber tired wheels on which he rolls in making headway, before arising struck a hummock and was wrenched off. Brookins, not knowing of the accident, rose 2,000 feet and heading for Springfield swirled away leaving the Illinois Central special train far behind.

This was the second railroad locomotive that the aviator had left far behind in a fair race. Engineer W. F. Burk, who made the first attempt to defeat the air craft, had to give up the attempt at Clinton, Ill.

Brookins reached the state fair grounds eight minutes before the Illinois Central fast special train reached the Springfield station, three and one-half miles short of the fair grounds. The actual flying time was 5 hours and 44 minutes for the 187 miles, an average of 33 miles an hour.

HASKELL ESCAPES TRIAL

Government Finds It Has No Case on Governor.

McAlester, Ohio, Sept. 29.—The trial of Governor C. N. Haskell, of Oklahoma, in the Muskogee town lot cases, came to a sudden end today when the government announced that under the restrictions laid down by the court it would be unable to make out a case against Haskell or any of his co-defendants.

Governor Haskell and three other defendants were charged in an indictment returned by a federal grand jury with conspiracy to defraud the government in the disposal of town lot sites at Muskogee, Okla. It was charged that by the false registration of the names of people scattered over the country they secured title to about 600 lots. The dismissal of all of the cases today was attributed by the government attorneys to their inability to confine their proof to the period of limitation as fixed by Federal Judge John A. Marshall.

Judge Marshall ruled that under a recent circuit court of appeals decision, rendered in the Lonabaugh case, the prosecution would have to prove conscious participation by Haskell with the other defendants during the three years prior to the return of the indictment, which was in May, 1909. S. R. Rush, special assistant to the attorney general, said as the alleged conspiracy had taken place in 1902 much of the evidence secured by the government related to acts committed before the statute of limitation as fixed by the court.

Others besides Governor Haskell, whose names were dismissed, were W. T. Hutchings, an attorney; Owen W. Turner and Walter R. Eaton, all of Muskogee.

GOES FAR BY TROLLEY, CHEAP

Man Completes 1,193 Miles for $33.10 in 20 Days.

Pittsburg, Sept. 30.—Eleven hundred adn ninety-three miles by trolley in 20 days at a cost of just $33.10 for car fare is the record reported by Henry E. Juergens, of this city, who has just returned from such a trip to the New England states.

Juergens is a student of trolley transportation and he took copious notes and kept exact figures of the cost of his trip.

BURNS IN A BIBLE BONFIRE

St. Louis Woman Builds Fire of the Scriptures and Dies Praying.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 29.—Kneeling in the midst of a bonfire which she had made from the leaves of the family Bible, Mamie McCarthy, a religious enthusiast, slowly burned to death in the rear of her residence, 8522 Water street, yesterday afternoon, while she prayed. She was 19 years old. "I want my sins forgiven by sacrifice," she said before she became unconscious.

Gold Spectacles Free

ROLLED GOLD GRIDGE — ABSOLUTELY OF CHARGE

Don't Send Me One Cent

when you answer this announcement, as I am going to distribute at least one-hundred-thousand sets of the Dr. Haux wonderful "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be; read the finest print in your bible even by the dim firelight; thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home in any way you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes, you can keep the genuine pair forever without one cent of cost, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends, and speak a good word for them everywhere at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality, on one easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat rolled Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—

DR. HAUX, (Personal),
Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE.—This House is Perfectly Reliable.

MILLIONS IN BEES

Farmer Can Make Money by Side Line With But Little Effort.

Chicago, October 1—F. H. Griswold, writing for the Chicago Tribune, says:

"The possibilities of bee-keeping as a profitable industry are indicated by the fact that from one cluster of hives located within the city limits of Chicago six tons of honey have been sold this season to a single consumer. And the six tons represented only the surplus that this producer had to offer.

Knowing that a bee must visit hundreds of flowers in order to obtain material for a drop of honey, mention of tons of the product is likely to cause surprise. But the fact is that there is nothing small about the honey business. The honey and wax industry of the United States has a value of about $30,000,000 a year, and is growing.

"At one of the establishments of a large baking company 20 carloads of honey are consumed every year, and purchases have been made at the general offices of this concern at the rate of a thousand tons in one lot. There are several other heavy consumers who buy honey by the carload.

"Hives are to be found even on the roofs of city buildings, where, under shelters to protect them from excessive heat, the little workers bring honey from distant fields.

Business Is Increasing.

"Bees played a small part in the economy of the farm in the days of the pioneers. It was not until the introduction of the Langstroth hive, about 50 years ago, that the production of honey reached the proportions of a business. This hive has been of the utmost value, for by its use the product of the hives is made much greater and the bees can receive proper attention. As long as it was necessary to kill the bees in order to rob the hive, the business was necessarily kept on a small basis.

"Year by year the output of honey has been increasing, but the demand has more than kept pace with the supply. Prices now are higher than they have been for several years. According to one of the best authorities, the aggregate of honey marketed in the United States every year is between 150,000,000 and 175,000,000 pounds. It is claimed that if this amount were loaded into freight cars, a train could be made up 50 miles long. In many eastern states the honey is sold locally, but in the alfalfa and sage districts the supply exceeds the local demand, so the product is sent east.

Farmer Has Good Chance.

"There is no reason why every farmer should not add honey to the other products of his farm, according to those who have devoted the closest attention to the subject. The opportunities for success are best in localities where food supplies for the bees are most abundnat, but the insects can be relied on to make their way almost anywhere. There are plenty of opportunities for beekeeping in suburbs.

"With reference to profits, beekeeping has attractions, for the expenses are not heavy and the work can be done at odd moments. The changes that have been going on have been likened to those noticed among applegrowers, whose work, formerly of a haphazard nature is now highly scientific. Orchards and bees formerly were left almost entirely to their own resources, but modern methods have revolutionized both industries and have made them vastly more profitable. System has replaced chance in each, and both industries have been made more remunerative by the changes.

"Bees produce generous returns on the investment, as it is estimated that the capitalization of the industry in this country amounts to $100,000,000, on which the income is close to $30,000,000 annually. The profits probably can be made much larger by further improvement of the method.

Fascinating Pursuit.

"The fascinations of beekeeping are described by Maeterlinck in The Life of the Bee, in which he says that the humble comb of honey is the most nearly perfect creation of the logic of life. Maeterlinck calls the colony a strange little republic, to the traffic of which he has devoted much careful study. In discussing the charge that bees lack intelligence, he suggests that the human intellect is not the proper tribunal before which faults of these insects should be passed in review, for if bees were observing men they might marvel at the unjust, illogical distribution of labor as contrasted with their own perfect system."

CONDUCTOR HELD FOR WRECK

Bluffton Coroner Charges Wilson With Manslaughter.

Bluffton, Ind., Sept. 29.—Warrants charging involuntary manslaughter against Del. Wilson, conductor of the southbound Wabash Valley interurban car, which is held responsible for the disaster near Kingsland, September 21, in which 41 lives were lost were sworn to today by Coroner Thomas. It is said a warrant also will be issued for Motorman B. F. Corkwell.

How Japanese Keep Off Fat

World's Brains Outdone By Sturdy Islanders. A Wonderful Treatment for Fat Reduction.

Tokino Treatment Has Done Marvels. Send Coupon Below for A Free 50c Package

For the first time in America a trial package of the Tokino Treatment, undoubtedly the most unique and powerful fat reducer ever compounded by human brains, is being offered free to every fat man and woman who has tried almost everything known in this country for fat reduction, and who has failed to be reduced satisfactorily.

The knowledge of the Japanese in scientific matters pertaining to body development has been conceded, and is almost as remarkable as their almost unbelievable physical endurance and strength.

The svelt, trim, elegant figures of Japanese men and women are proverbial. Japan is an island of Venuses and Apollos.

The Tokino Treatment solves the problem for every fat man and woman in America. The wonder of it is that it was not sooner introduced here. It has remarkable fat-reducing powers, coupled with the giving of great strength and the molding of the human form to perfect lines. It is wonderfully satisfying to desperate fat men and women. Its results often surpass the understanding. Not a cent is asked to try it, so you can judge for yourself. For this reason, a 50 cent package of this Tokino Treatment in the unique and beautiful, original box, is sent absolutely free to anyone who will merely send name and address on the coupon below. Send for it today.

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Good For Free 50c Box

Fill in your name and address on lines below, and mail it today. You will get by return mail a free 50c beautiful and original box of the Tokino Treatment with full instructions and other information all prepaid, to prove its wonderful powers.

Address: TOKINO COMPANY, 63 Main Street, Albion, Mich.

Name .....

Street No .....

City ..... State .....

JAPS MAKE PEARLS, PERHAPS

But Professor Says Even Mikado Doesn't Even Know How.

New York, Sept. 30.—The existence of a secret method of making pearls, which, if disclosed, would make them as plentiful and as cheap as the Park Row collar button, was told yesterday by Prof. Bashford Dean, of Columbia university, to the American Fisheries society in session here.

"In a little harbor south of Tokio, Japan, there has been produced successfully by a secret process pearls that are of the finest type," said Prof. Dean. "When I was at the University of Japan, the Emperor of Japan himself opened these oysters and took therefrom this new pearl I now exhibit, so that there is no doubt about the genuineness of this experiment.

"But the secret has even been withheld from the emperor, otherwise the whole of the pearl industry would be revolutionized."

GOT A GUARDIAN, THEN WED

Man Has His Chum Appointed So as to Get Permission.

Washington, Sept. 29.—When James B. Lockhead went to get a license to wed Miss Lottie E. Nutchins he learned that because he is only twenty he would have to have the consent of parents or guardian. His parents are dead and he had no guardian.

It looked for a while like no wedding, but Lockhead got his chum, Charles C. Taylor, 21 years old, to go into the probate court and qualify as his guardian. After Taylor had been appointed he gave his consent and his friend got the license.

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Buy a Farm At Roseland Park Florida

Some Average Profit ACRE YIELDS	
Tomatoes	$ 650
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Potatoes	$ 300
Okra	$ 500
Radishes	$ 600

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

HERE is an extract from a letter which recently came to the Household page, and because conditions such as this letter describes are altogether too common, I am going to make it the subject of a few remarks; sort o' pass the word along, you know, with the hope that others will take it up and pass it on some more. Here is the extract:

"I live in a neighborhood where there is a set of story-tellers and gossipers. One does not know who one's friend is. We moved out of a good, Christian neighborhood into this one. I should like to know what one is to do in such a place as this. I never allow myself to talk about my neighbors, but one does not know who to believe. They will try to injure one another all they can with their tongues; then they get up and speak in church. I do not believe there is any sort of pardon for such people. We live close to the worst story-teller you ever saw. I would rather live by a thief. I hope I shall see this in print with advice how to live in such a place.—Midget."

It is quite evident that Midget has lost patience and has been holding an indignation meeting with herself. From what she says, it is quite evident also that the people of the neighborhood she describes are intemperate in the matter of speech. Now, I firmly believe that too much importance is attached to gossip and gossipers. If they were not given so much attention there would be fewers gossipers and less gossip.

The definition commonly attached to gossip is evil-speaking. It is this sort of speaking which is paid too much attention. The one given to this speech is always punished. As a usual thing the punishment is personal unhappiness. How can one who never thinks good be happy? Sometimes the punishment takes a material form, which those who look on may see, and, it may be, comment: "Well, she's got her come-uppance."

One who dissipates constantly in unkind thoughts and speech, who bears false witness against his neighbor; who never has a good word or thought for anyone, is a poor, miserable sinner and must suffer according to his sin until he reforms.

Midget says: "I never allow myself to talk about my neighbors."

In a way, her letter is talk about her neighbors, but being in doubt, she was asking for assistance, which required an explanation of the situation. Midget is traveling the road to Rightville by trying not to be the thing she despises. You never have to do or be the thing you despise, if the thing is not right, and it certainly is not right to gossip maliciously.

According to my way of thinking, Midget has her work cut out for her in the neighborhood in which she is living, in the way of being a reformer and missionary. It is not necessary to conduct an aggressive campaign or to shout from the housetops under such circumstances. Silence is golden at many times and in many places. It is the wisest way, when in doubt, not to say a word.

If those who bear evil tales are not listened to with interest, are not paid in their own coin for the goods they deliver, they will tire of tale-bearing and, perhaps, try to be interesting in some better way. Everyone likes to be paid attention to, you know.

The habit of thought is a difficult one to break, especially when people do not healize they are in a bad thought habit. The human mind is obstinate and hard to turn from its beaten track, when it gets to thinking wrong. Example is oftener a stronger force than speech, in such cases.

It is up to Midget and to everyone in a like position, to be a shining example. If you will hear no evil, speak no evil, think no evil, you will drive evil from your door and help to drive it from your neighborhood.

It is often said that environment either makes or mars us, but it is not said often enough that, no matter what our environment, we may help to make it better if we will.

Midget's letter of revolt against the bad habits of thought and speech where she lives shows that she is a live wire, a danger signal to the iniquities she deplores. She knows them by their correct name—iniquities—and, having this knowledge, the next step is to try to bring, not punishment, but cure. It cannot be instantaneous, that I know. It is likely to be a long-drawn-out process, but one way to do is to give the neighborhood something to think of besides its own affairs.

Example is the strongest of lessons. Believing that in everyone there is some good helps to bring uppermost this good. By having faith, so shall you create faithfulness if you keep it up long enough.

If those who speak, think and care to hear only evil of one another, could but understand the harm they are doing to themselves, they would face about and run the other way for the sake of self-preservation, if for no other reason.

There is a beautiful world which each one of us may create for ourselves. It is a world in which there is no envy, hatred or malice, or any of the evil things which envy, hatred and malice inspire. It is a world filled with belief in mankind; it is a world where there is no quarreling or dissension; it is a world of peace and kindliness. There is none who may not have this sort of a world if he tries hard enough and long enough, but it never should be made an exclusive circle. Always have the latchstring out.

It is true that after you have this comfortable little world arranged to your liking there will be times when you will get yanked out of it, as it were, and plumped down into a mud-hole, again as it were, by someone who has the habit of thinking that all flesh is vile. You never need stay in the mudhole. Climb out of its mire as fast as you can and get back again into the world where peace and faith abide.

The happiest people are those who have the habit of kindly thinking. Those who have this habit are immune from the disease called malicious gossip; those who have this habit are at peace with themselves and all humankind.

Don't let a gossipping neighborhood down you, all you "Midgets" who have begun to think.

Down the neighborhood.

Well, here's hoping.

Try This Home-Made Cough Remedy

Costs Little, But Does the Work Quickly, or Money Refunded.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You will find that this simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually ends a deep-seated cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, chest pains, bronchitis and other throat troubles. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

This recipe makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for $2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant.

Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guiacol and all the natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This plan of making cough syrup with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada, that it is often imitated. But the old, successful formula has never been equalled.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get is for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 242 Main st., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Beverly, W. Va.—I want to thank all of the contributors of the many pleasant letters that appear in The Blade. I am so glad that people write of their travels and of scenery in different parts of the country.

We live near Beverly, West Virginia. It is a very old town. The original name was Edmonston, but in 1790 the Virginia legislature changed the name to Beverly, in honor of Beverly Randolph. The town is 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is built on the east side of the Tygarts valley river, a stream which abounds in fish of many kinds.

In 1861—General McClellan took possession of Beverly, the day after the battle of Rich mountain. Two days later he wrote to his wife, describing Tygarts valley. His praise of the scenery was remarkable, because he had seen all the fairest parts of the world. In his letter he said: "The valley in which we are is one of the most beautiful I ever saw, and I am more inclined than ever to make my headquarters at Beverly. Beverly is a quiet, old-fashioned town in a lovely valley, a beautiful stream running by it, a perfect pastoral scene, such as old painters dreamed of, yet never realized. Our ride today was magnificent; some of the most splendid mountain views I ever beheld."

To the east of us is a great mountain. As far as the eye can see to the west, is Rich mountain. There are many historic spots I would like to describe, but I shall have to leave them to a more able writer.

The early part of the past summer was unusually cold. We had a hard freeze in May, and the first day of June the snow fell two inches deep on the mountains. We have a number of churches, school houses and good neighbors. Saloons are disappearing fast.

I wish somebody would tell me what books are best to read. I like religious books and history, written in such a way that one will not go to sleep while reading it. I think a good many of the novels should not be printed.

Just one thing more and I shall close. It makes me sad to see a family constantly finding fault with one another. I find I have my way more when I say least. Try it and see.

We have a kind word for the strangers,
And a smile for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own, the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.

Randolphite, West Virginia.

HOW ABOUT THIS?

I should like to offer a question for discussion by any of the C. C. readers who think they can solve it properly, for or against. It is this:

Is it advisable or wise for persons to marry with a difference, or disparity, in ages of twenty years; a man of forty, to a woman of twenty, for instance. Would there not be a greater disparity in minds and characters, and consequently in congeniality when the husband is sixty and the wife forty?

On the other hand, as true love is a great leveler, would not this solve all problems? Again, would, or would not the love of the average wife in such instances be rather that of a daughter for a father, than that of a lover, or would it depend somewhat on the disposition, temperament, education and habits of each person?

I should be pleased to hear from those who can answer, either from experience or observation, or else, good reason and logic. I am not in search of mere opinions. I can get a plenty of those from thousands who do not know. Very truly.—Inquirer, Tennessee.

SHE LAUGHED

I had to laugh when I read the sister's letter telling that she had her "Bill" trained to do housework while she hitched up and went a visiting. It is my opinion she had better keep him. I don't think she could break in another one. My "Bill" helps me in the house and I help him out of doors, but if I am gone he finds work out doors. I am a great lover of out doors. My spare time is spent in the garden or tending the chickens. I have been a reader of The Blade for 23 years. I have the Nasby Letters. I enjoy the Sisters' Letters and the Brothers' Letters. My best wishes to the editor and all of the band.—Mrs. Collins, Kansas.

FROM A HAPPY WIFE

Dear C. C. Sisters:—I have read The Blade ever since I was a little girl and have always considered the Household page my best friend among the many other papers I take. I have thought I would write to you for a long time, but I never seemed to get any farther than the thought, until this morning, when I read Lone Widow's letter. Yes, Dear Sister, there are others just as happy as you and your husband were. My husband and I always say "Good morning," "thank you," "please," and "good night," and we try to do a great deaal for each other. In the morning he helps me get breakfast. As he has a long ways to go to work, I go with him nearly a mile, and when I come home I feel so fresh and bright after my walk in the early morning air. When it is time for him to come home, I go to meet him, and after supper he helps clear the table and dries the dishes for me.

We have our "big Sunday dinner" every day in the week, so on Sunday we just have a good lunch. If we want a warm dinner, we go up town to a restaurant. We always go to church Sunday morning and most always in the evenings. So you see how happily we work together. You asked for our sympathy and here is one that surely does sympathize, for I know how lonely I would be without my dear husband.

I fear I am making my first stay too long, so I will close, asking God's blessing on you all.—A Happy Wife, Oregon.

HIS FIRST ATTEMPT

I am a fond reader of the Household page and will ask to be admitted to the Cozy Corner and as this is my first attempt I will write a little descriptive letter.

I live in a village near a thriving town of about 25,000 inhabitants. I have been married a year and have a little daughter. Her name is Edith. I have a dog and some chickens and my wife and I think there is nothing like our little biddies.

We get along pleasantly, as married people should. We have moderate means and both pull on the same end of the rope. We always agree on all subjects brought up and make the best of everything. In that way, we live happily together and enjoy life.

I will close by wishing all the C. C.'s and M. G. R.'s many joyful days and years. Should this be published I will write again.—Buddie.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Everyone is doing the best he or she can in the Cozy Corner, and that is the best anyone can do.

Please do not send any more directions for making yeast bread. We have more than can be used. Thank you.

Some things you have to remember: Sign your real name to your letter; keep the good cheer work a-going in your letters and at home and abroad; keep up your subscription to The Blade—we are going to be better than ever—and write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope when you write to this page. This is all for today.—Elizabeth.

Machine oil, or axle grease, should be covered with lard, washed with cold water and soap, then with hot water and soap.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Say "Good morning" every morning, whether you want to or not. It will give you a top o' the morning feeling.

When the sun is shining it is shining for you. Go out and be shined on.

It's a bad habit for both your health and spirits to get housebound.

Fresh air is intended for breathing purposes. It will never choke you.

Good-nature is something that may be cultivated, if you are not born good-natured.

It never makes a trouble or a sorrow or a pain easier to bear by being cross about it.

There is much joy in being able to look at beautiful things without being miserable because you may not have them.

Mix up with children all you can. They will do you good. If you are out of children, borrow one.

All of your life you have to keep steady company with your self, whether you want to or not, so you might as well be resigned and make yourself pleasant steady company.

While you're about it, why not think and speak well of people, instead of ill? You know how it is yourself.

Politeness is a valuable asset—on both sides of the counter.

It is never smart to be smart at the expense of another's feelings.

If you think you are "mad" at anybody, get over it. There is no use in being uncomfortable.

Yourself is the one who is hurt the most by your own bad temper and its companion pieces.

Don't wait for someone else to give you a chance. Find it for yourself.

Burn your own smoke. Do not inflict upon others the things by which you are disturbed.

Time spent in envy of another's good fortune is time that is wasted. Get busy.

To everybody I wish happiness.

A PALACE FOR BIRDS

THE picture of the palace for birds, named Hotel Canary, and the description of it are taken from the October Strand Magazine. The hotel is one of the "spare time" pieces of work, and the one who thus employed his spare time is Arthur E. Dunning, a member of the clerical staff of the American embassy in Berlin. The toy hotel was begun four years ago and has only been completed. The account of it says:

"In size the Hotel Canary is 75 inches long by 15 inches wide, and it has a height, including the tower, of 51 inches. It contains rooms for 22 feathered guests, and boasts in addition a window garden with a fountain and two flower-rooms—one at each end. The rooms are fitted with all modern improvements, such as electric light, running water, and so forth; while they are also provided with automatic feeding dishes. In the winter-garden are two lifts, running to the second floor, and four sliding doors giving access to the surrounding rooms. Batteries for the electric light are contained in the machine rooom, as also is the apparatus for working the lifts, a reservoir for water with a capacity of one gallon, and a switchboard for the lights on the third floor. The tower-room, which is not occupied by guests, is fitted with an electric chandelier and bell, and is reached by means of a spiral staircase from the third story. It also contains the means of controlling the water in the reservoir."

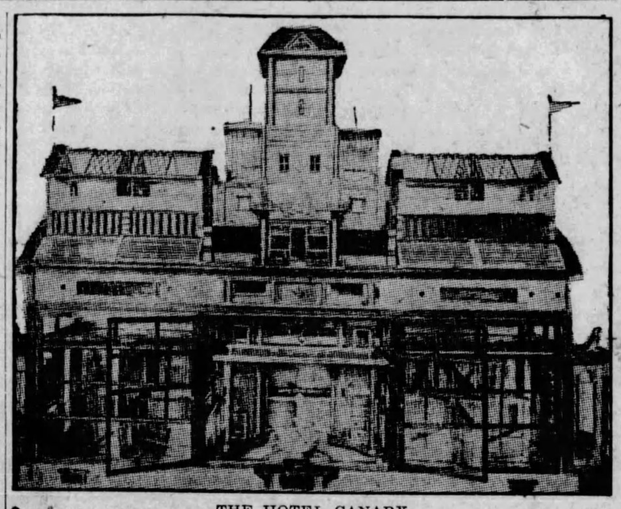
At the back of the building is the food-supply box, from which different mixtures of seeds are distributed to the "guests" of this birds' hotel. Some of the rooms are provided with balconies, and the flags bear the initials, H. C.

The account of this elaborate bird-cage served as a reminder of a letter about canaries, written to the Household Page some little time ago, and this seems a good time and place to use it. Here is the letter:

"One way to make pin money is to raise canaries. There is quite a bit of work about it, but it is interesting to watch the little creatures feed and care for their young. The past year was my second year in the bird business. I raised more than 50 young birds. A canary will begin to sing when it is only six weeks old, and is at its best at three months.

"My birds are singing the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. They are always happy if they have enough to eat. I should be lost if I could not hear a bird singing in my house. It breaks the silence and stillness.

"When the young birds are hatched, both parents attend to them, keeping them warm and properly fed. In this little family there are no quarrels. Peace and kindness reign supreme. They set an example that would help every one of us and make every home happier."—Mrs. H. R. Mills, Austin, Minnesota.



THE HOTEL CANARY.

SHE KNEW

At the tea table the other evening little Mary, aged three, saw me about to help myself to a fresh spoon from the holder, and promptly offered me hers: "Here's a clean one, Auntie Belle. I licked it!"—The Delineator.

SWEDEN'S "CHURCH-BOAT"

The "church boat" is a popular institution in Sweden. It brings families to service from the farms around Lake Siljan to Leksand. The water route is the nearest and most convenient, and so the big boat goes from farm to farm along the shore picking up the churchgoers, who later return by the same route.—Wide World Magazine.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Autumn! autumn! once again, and autumn on the West Virginia hills is worth seeing.

The farmers are busy with their crops and the birds are getting ready for their long journey to the South.

I am trying to teach my first term of school this year and I am not finding the pathway strewn with roses. Indeed, I can say that there is an unusual number of very sharp briers in the road. I want to fly out at the window and cry when I have been trying for half an hour to teach a careless little girl the word "the," and then much to my surprise, when I point out "the" she is sure to call it "cat."

If I say, "No, that is not cat," she will turn loose her whole vocabulary—"See, ran, bird, fly, do and sing," but never once saying "the."

This is the dark side, and I will now proceed to tell of something more pleasant. At recess and noon the children and I have fine times playing.

I have about 30 pupils. I board at home and walk about two miles, part of the way through a wood. Perhaps someone will envy me when I say that there are nut trees growing in these woods. Nuts will soon be ripe. Already I can see the squirrels frisking around, impatiently awaiting the coming of Jack Frost. Some mornings when I reach the top of the hill, the sun shining through the fog makes a pretty picture. Far, far away I can see the mountains rising higher and higher, until the tops seem to reach the sky.

I remember when I was very small, I would lie on the grass in the yard after the sun had sunk to rest and watch the swallows twittering and flying about, catching gnats for their babies' suppers. By and by twilight stole over the hills and the moon peeped down at me.

Then I would say to my brother: "If I were at the top of that high hill I could get the moon."

"What would you do with it if you had it?" he would ask.

I don't think I really ever made up my mind as to just what I would do with it if I had it, but I'm sure I never thought of doing such a thing as dividing it with my brother. No; if I once got it, I was going to have it for myself. Those were happy, care-free days!

I am not complaining that I am not happy now. Oh, no! If I am not happy I am to blame for it; yet I have climbed to the summit of those high hills often enough since then to know that the moon is not propped up in the sky by a tall tree that grows on the top of the hill.

Oh, dear me! I've written enough for the first time. Top o' the morning to all.—Eyes Open, West Virginia.

Well, M. G. R.'s, here I am again. I want to tell you something of my home town, Cullman, Alabama, the beautiful "White Folks' Town" of the South.

It is a town of 4,500 inhabitants, situated on the Louisville and Washington railroad, in the northern part of the state, among beautiful hills and vales. On the eastern side of the town is a deep, narrow stream, over which is a steel bridge, wide enough for two vehicles to pass.

Cullman has churches of almost every denomination, and several schools, among which are the high school and the public schools.

The Sacred Heart convent, St. Bernard college and the Odd Fellows' Widows and Orphans' Home are situated near it.

Cullman has several large stores, two banks, one carriage and wagon factory, one cotton seed oil mill, and other places of business.

The Catholics are preparing to build a new church in Cullman. Two of the main spires on the church will be 85 feet high.—Butterfly.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have read the letters in The Blade for years, but I've never attempted to write. I do not remember ever having seen a letter from the Badger state.

I am 21 years old, but I am often taken for but 16. I am a cripple, that is, for this summer. I sprained my knee and am wearing a cast and using crutches. I do not know how much longer I'll have to use them. I am happy and contented and helping my sister and mother with their sewing. I read and do fancy work to pass my time.

Sturgeon Bay is a pretty little city situated on a bay, also called Sturgeon Bay. The latter connects Green Bay with Lake Michigan. Door county is noted for its beautiful summer resorts and immense cherry crops. There is a great deal of fishing done here also.

Well, I think I had better close, but if I see this in print, I might attempt it again. With best wishes to all.—Dimples, Wisconsin.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Good letters are coming in every day for the M. G. R. I wish there was room to publish moret at a time, but we must be fair, and divide the Household Page as equally as possible, so that each member of our great family may find something to read.

Weather in Toledo at present time of writing:—The finest in the world.

Please sign your real name to your letters, and write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope when you address this page.—Elizabeth.

Hoosier Strawberry:—Your's received, and thank you very much for your prompt reply. We shall have the tale of the grove on the tower, later on.

"BAD BOYS"

ONE thing that is coming to be well-known, is the benefit that children receive from being told stories—that is, the right kind of stories. Tales which frighten the little ones and make them afraid of the dark, of policemen and queerlooking people, have no health in them and are tales to forget to remember.

The simplest sort of stories will please the children and make them quiet and well-behaved—sometimes, but it is not always wise to give them too strong a personal application.

"A cousin of mine," Little Boy John, approaching four years of age, taught me this fact not long ago. He loves to tell and be told stories. The subject of bad boys seems to have a special fascination for him, and the accidents in the way of broken-off arms and legs and heads, that happen to the bad boys he tells about, are something appalling.

The other evening, while trying to reconcile Little Boy John to going to bed, we had a story-telling session, principally about bad boys. He told and I told, until in an unwise moment, I related a bad boy tale that struck home to John. It was about a youth of tender years who persisted in disobeying his mother and in running away. One day, when he was escaping from home, he stubbed his toes in a broken sidewalk, fell down and broke one of his arms. The consequences of this disaster do not need retelling here, but Little Boy John insisted on having every detail. He runs away whenever he has the opportunity.

After the tale was finished, he thought seriously for a short time, and then announced that he was going to tell about a bad boy. His tale was my story repeated, with this exception: "The bad boy wunned and wunned and wunned away, an' den he turned awound an' wunned and wunned and wunned home aden, an' he didn't break anyfing, no arms or legs or anyfing."

When Little Boy John brought the tale to this conclusion, he looked at me with an air of triumph, I could not find a word to say, so I came to the conclusion, it is not wise to make too strong a personal application in telling stories to children that is, to all children.

My attempt to reconcile Little Boy John to going to bed, was a failure, also. When I left him, he invented all sorts of excuses to come down stairs. At first his mother was firm in her refusal, but at length, she gave way to his pleadings and let him come to sit in her lap and look at pictures, "just for a weenty-teenty minute," according to John.

"I suppose I shouldn't let him have his way like this, but he's only a baby," his mother said, in self-excuse.

"He can be a baby only this once," I assured her.

Well, the minute he begged for, stretched into many moments. It was astonishing how many pictures he could find to look at, and how many questions he could think of to ask about them, but the time came when his mother was firm in her decision that he must go to bed.

It took words more forceful than gentle to persuade him to the stairs, and more forceful words were necessary to make him mount them. There was a long time between steps when he finally started. There were frequent sitting-down intervals. There were many long and loud protestations against the fate that sent a little boy to bed before he wanted to go. When, after having lingered as long as he could, he reached the top of the stairs, he sat down again as if he intended to stay indefinitely. He stayed until his father came home. At his stern command, he "got up and hustled" and climbed into his bed, though still protesting. He continued to protest until his father "went to him." After this, there were silence and slumber.

The time which elapsed from the moment I attempted to reconcile Little Boy John to going to bed, was about two hours, but then, it often takes much longer than that to reconcile grown people to things they do not like. ELIZABETH.

EASY TO COOK

I have been reading the Cozy Corner in the hope of finding some one that needed help. The opportunity came, when I saw the letter from the Illinois Widower.

I think the children who must cook their own meals, will find these dishes easy to make, and good either hot or cold:

French Toast.

One pint of milk; one egg; six small slices of bread; a tablespoonful of butter; a pinch of salt. Put the salt on the egg, beat thoroughly and stir into the milk. Put the butter in a frying-pan, and when hot, dip the bread in the milk and fry a light brown.

Spanish Stew.

One can of tomatoes, or six ripe ones; half a pound of hamburg steak; a tablespoonful of butter and a little salt. Cook the tomatoes in a porcelain kettle or basin, and when boiling hot, add the steak, (cut in small pieces) salt, and butter, and cook slowly about twenty minutes.

Salmon Balls.

One can of salmon; one coffeecupful of cracker crumbs; one tablespoonful butter; one even teaspoonful of salt. Remove the skin and bones from the salmon, and pour the salmon juice over the cracker crumbs. Beat the egg. Mix the salt, egg, crackers and salmon all together and make in flat cakes, like sausage and fry in hot butter.

The crackers may be rolled fine with the rolling-pin and kept in a glass fruit can until wanted.—Michigan Maid.

Fried Toast.

Take bread a day old, sliced as for toast. Have a bowl of cold water into which, dip quickly the bread and fry in hot fat, lard or dripping. Fry on one side, salt, turn over and fry the other side brown. Very good with coffee and boiled eggs for breakfast.

Corned Beef Hash.

Take two cups of cold corn beef—the canned beef is excellent—chop fine, add to this, three cups of chopped, cold boiled potatoes. Put in saucepan with a lump of butter, pepper and milk enough to moisten it. Cover and let stew slowly until thoroughly heated. Do not stir. This hash may be warmed over and be just as good as when freshly made.

Fried Apples.

Peel apples, core them and slice. Brown a tablespoon of butter in frying pan, then put in sliced apples and brown. Sprinkle brown sugar over them, then turn and brown on the other side. Very good served with sausages or fresh pork.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.

Cut cold boiled potatoes in not too thin slices. Take enough butter or lard to cover well the bottom of a frying pan, and when hot, slice in one small onion very thin. Cook two minutes and then put in the potatoes. Watch carefully, that they do not burn or brown. Add some minced parsley, if you like it. In five minutes they are ready to serve.

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POETS' CORNER

AUTUMN MEMORIES

(Author Unknown).

As I watched the autumn leaflets,
Floating softly through the air,
Blending richest tints of crimson,
Mottled green and amber fair;
Watched them slowly dropping, dropping,
From their summer home on high,
To the bare brown earth beneath it,
There to wither, sere and dry.

How to memory comes the picture,
Of a screen long, long ago,
Where beneath the crimson maples,
All aflame with autumn's glow,
Sat a youth and maiden dreaming,
Of the happy days to come,
When the cruel war was over,
And the heroes all at home.

There should come that time so longed for
By those hearts so warm and true,
When each parting all forgotten,
They should vows of love renew;
Never more on earth to sever,
Bonds from heart to heart unite,
'Till the summons came from heaven,
Calling to its home of light.

Long they talked in love and sorrow,
hoping much and fearing more,
Thinking of the dread tomorrow,
When their bitter parting o'er.
He must go to scenes of bloodshed,
Leaving her he loved, to weep,
Weep and pray and hope alternate,
While the stars their vigils keep.

And the crimson leaves kept dropping,
Softly dropping one by one,
O'er them both as if in blessing,
With their summer's mission done;
And he wove a gay-hued garland,
From the leaflets rich and bright,
Crowned the wavy, nut-brown tresses,
With its sprays of rosy light.

Many fair and sunny autumns,
Since have come and gone again,
And the gentle autumn breezes,
Sing again their old refrain,
And the leaves of gold and crimson,
Floated softly to the ground,
Covering o'er in tender fashion,
Lovingly one grassy mound.

And when e'er I see them falling,
Falling gently to the ground,
Again comes that last sad parting,
'Neath the maples in the glen;
Though he came once more to meet me,
Yet his hand was still and cold,
Pale his brow and still the beating,
Of that heart so true of old.

Still he's true and still he's waiting,
In his home of peace and joy,
Waiting till I come to greet him,
As of old my soldier boy;
And among the precious treasures,
Kept and loved to memory dear,
Is a wreath of autumn leaflets,
Dull and faded, dry and sere.

I CANNOT SING THAT SONG TONIGHT

Author Unknown.

I cannot sing that song tonight,
For in its words and music dwell,
While all your hearts seem gay and light,
To me a sad and fearful spell;
It is the song I used to sing
For him, when all was hope and truth,
Before I knew that time would fling
One shadow o'er my happy youth.

I would not bring my sorrows here,
Amid this bright and joyous throng,
I would repress the rising tear,
Then ask me not to sing that song;
It tells how hard it is to part
From those to whom we fondly cling,
It's notes find echo in my heart—
That song I cannot, dare not sing.

FATHER GRUMBLE

(Author Unknown.)

Old Father Grumble he did say
And said it to be true;
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in two.

Then Mother Grumble she did say
And said it to be true;
That if he could do more work in a day
Than she could do in two,
That he might do the work in the house
And she would go follow the plow.

(Her instructions to him)

"Oh you must churn the cream in the crock
That stands beneath the frame,
And you must watch the fat in the pot
Or it will all go into a flame.

"And you must feed the little wee pig
That stands beneath the sty;
And you must milk the brindle cow
Or she will go dry.

"Oh you must reel the yarn on the spool
That I spun yesterday;
And you must watch the speckled hen
Or she will stray away.

"And you must cook the dinner, too,
And have it right on time;
And don't forget to wring those clothes
And place them on the line."

Then Mrs. Grumble took the whip
And went to follow the plow;
And Father Grumble took the pail
And went to milk the cow.

The cow she kicked and lashed her tail
And rumpled up her nose;
She kicked poor Grumble on the shins
'Till the blood run through to his toes.

He went to feed the little wee pig
Which stood beneath the sty;
He knocked his head against a pole
And how the wool did fly.

He went to churn the cream in the crock
Which stood beneath the frame;
And he forgot the fat in the pot
And it all went into a flame.

He went to reel the yarn on the spool
That his wife spun yesterday,
And he forgot the speckled hen
And she did stray away.

He went to cook the dinner, too,
And have it right on time,
And he forgot about the clothes
And they wern't put on the line.

Then Mother Grumble she came home
And she looked very sad,
She turned up her nose, and rolled up her sleeves,
Says she: "I'm very glad!"

Then Father Grumble he did say
And said it to be true!
"That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in two."

POOR LITTLE JOE

(Author Unknown.)

While strolling one night through New York's gay throng,
I met a poor boy, he was singing a song;
Although he was singing, he wanted for bread,
And though he was smiling, he wished himself dead.
I spoke to the poor boy, out in the snow;
He had no home to shelter him, no place to go;
No mother to guide him—in the grave she is low;
Cast on the cold street was poor little Joe.

CHORUS.

Cold blew the blast, down came the snow
He had no place to shelter him, no place to go;
No mother to guide him—in the grave she is low;
Cast on the cold street was poor little Joe.

A carriage passed by with a lady inside;
I looked on poor Joe's face and saw that he cried;
He followed the carriage, she not even smiled,
But fondly caressed her own darling child.
I looked on this waif, I thought it was odd—
Is this poor, ragged urchin forgotten by God?
And I saw by the lamplight that shone on the snow
The pale, deadly features of poor little Joe.

The light had gone out, the clock had struck one,
Along came a policeman whose duty was done,
I could tell by the sound of his dull, heavy tread,
You'd think he was sinking the graves of the dead.
"Oh, what is this?" the policeman he said;
It was poor little Joe, on the ground he lay dead,
With his eyes turned to heaven, covered with snow,
Died in the street, did poor little Joe.

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem, Retrospection, is asked for. Two lines are:

O, there a heart that delights not to cling,
To the object it loved in life's early spring.

One of our readers is very anxious to get the poem beginning something like this: Here in the grey city my heart goes sorrowing.

Children's Letters.

Dear Boys and Girls:—We are two little boys, 9 and 7 years old. We live in the country and have for pets a kitten named Fuzzy Wuzzy, a dog named Duke, and a little jersey calf named Pauline.

We love the helpless innocent things in the great out of doors and we always are kind to them and protect the toads and birds for they are our best friends. We found a humming bird's nest this summer and after the young ones had flown, we brought the nest to our mamma, and she keeps it in the parlor. It is about the size of a half dollar.

We left it on the little branch on which the birds built it.

We wish the boys and girls would write something about their love for the birds and some kindness shown them. Do you all like horses? We do, and we make a pet of ours. She does not know what an unkind word means.

We are going to close and oh, my, how we want to see this printed.—Carlos and Glover Conley., West Virginia.

Dear Boys and Girls—I am a girl twelve years old. I have two sisters and two brothers. Their names are Mabel, Merton, Dorothy and Kenneth. My father owns a hundred and forty acres of land. There are about fifty acres of pasture and about a hundred chestnut trees on it. They are full this year, so come around at chestnut time. We live about a mile from church. We go every Sunday to church and Sunday school. My father takes the Blade and we all like it. I will close as this is my first letter. Hoping to see this in print.—Hazel Harritt, Indiana.

Dear Blade—I am a reader of the Blade and always look at the children's letters first. I am disappointed if there are not any. What did you children do in the summer? I propose that each one write about a day spent in vacation time.

I have no brothers or sisters. I am 13 years old and I am in the eighth grade. I like to go to school. I have 450 post cards. I do not need any more do I? I live ten miles from the capital of our state. The nearest city is Mason, 4 miles from us. If any of the children come out this way I would be glad to see them. I will close hoping to see this in print.—Ruby Pryor Mason, Michigan.

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OUR FAIRY TALE

BUNNY RABBIT came out of his house one nice fall morning and decided that he wouldn't work that day, but would go out and see what sort of fun he might have. So, he trotted along the big road near Rabbittown, feeling very happy and chipper.

Soon Bunny met with Patsy Squirrel who had just been picking his breakfast from a walnut tree. "Better come for a walk," said Bunny. "All right, I'm with you," said Patsy, and the two went along, chatting merrily.

They had reached the turn of the big road where it crosses the bridge over Turtle creek and climbs the hill past Old Man Bramblebush's. There on the turf lay Rover Sickem, who had been up early and was taking a nap now in the sun.

"We'd better run," said Bunny. "He might wake up."

"I'd like to give him just one good bite, though," said Patsy. "He has annoyed me many times, what with his barkings and the beastly habit he has of chasing people over in my woods."

"I wouldn't if I were you," cautioned Bunny.

But Patsy wouldn't listen. He crept forward and grabbing Rover by the ear gave it a terrible bite. Rover was up and howling in another instant. Patsy and Bunny took to their heels. But Rover spied them and took after them as fast as he could go. They had not thought of turning toward home, but went on down the big road, over the creek and up the hill. This was strange country to both of them and they were greatly dismayed when they reached the hilltop to note that there wasn't a bit of woods in sight in which they could hide. So they had to keep on—and Rover was yelping behind them. They dodged into a stone fence, but soon were routed out of that. They tried the wheat field of Pa Badger, but Rover wouldn't give up. Then they ran down the road some more and a man, hearing the noise, came out with a shot gun and fired both barrels at them. He missed them, but scared them terribly and they ran into his barn, jumped up some steps and buried themselves in the hay. They could hear the man and Rover hunting for them, but they kept quiet and along in the evening, when they crept out, no one was in sight.

"Nice day we had, I don't think," said Patsy Squirrel.

"Don't you dare to speak to me again," said Bunny Rabbit and he limped away home.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Galena, Kans. — "A year ago last March I fell, and a few days after there was soreness in my right side. In a short time a bunch came and it bothered me so much at night I could not sleep. It kept growing larger and by fall it was as large as a hen's egg. I could not go to bed without a hot water bottle applied to that side. I had one of the best doctors in Kansas and he told my husband that I would have to be operated on as it was something like a tumor caused by a rupture. I wrote to you for advice and you told me not to get discouraged but to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did take it and soon the lump in my side broke and passed away."—Mrs. R. R. HUEY, 713 Mineral Ave., Galena, Kans.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

mach Troubles

Vanish e Magic

REE

to very an or man

you like to eat all you want to, and what you without having distress in your stomach? you like to say farewell to Dyspepsia, on, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, ess, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heart g, Sick Headache and Constipation?

nd me 10 cents to cover cost of packing ll mail you absolutely free one of these l Stomach Drafts. They relieve the move soreness, strengthen the nerves ples of the stomach, and soon make you feel w man or woman. Suffer no longer but ay enclosing 10 cents for postage, etc., ne of these wonderful Stomach Drafts celebrated because they have cured where es alone failed. Write Dr. G. C. Young, nal Bank Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

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FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively GUARANTEE A STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years and a beautiful Ring with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Send us your name and address and when sold, send us the $2 and we will positively send you the WELLS BRO. CO., DEPT. 1028 CHICAGO

HELP WANTED.

ERNMENT EMPLOYES WANTED—Write list of examinations. Franklin Institute, N. 52, Rochester, N. Y.

BIG SURPRISE

embossed Thanksgiving, Birthday and Hal- post cards and 3 months' trial subscription to Farming sent to you all for only 10 cents and I about my big surprise if you answer at once. DITH, 977 10th Street, DES MOINES, IOWA

LLER CHURN FREE—AGENTS WANTED guarantee that the Challenge Churn make good butter easy in from 1 to 5 s. Write today and get one free. Ad- Dept. G. MASON MFG. CO., Canton, Ohio.

FLORIDA VIEWS

ident album of beautiful Florida scenes ue to every new subscriber to the hand- illustrated weekly in the South. Cover- plans of Florida life it is invaluable to who are interested in Florida and the Full of beautiful pictures, stories, and current topics peculiar to the Land ers. 52 weeks $1.00. Send for sample

THE FLORIDA RECORD, Realty Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.

EXAS SCHOOL LANDS

1,000,000 acres for sale by the state; you 40 acres at $2 an acre; pay $32 cash ance in 40 years; fine farming land and climate. For further information send postage. Investor Pub. Co., Dept. C, Worth, Tex.

RY WEALTH AND BEAUTY. Mar- Directory FREE. Pay when married. Pan. Box 314 S. E., Kansas City, Mo.

Weekly and Expenses to men and women to put out catalogs and advertise. Big mail order house. C. Emery, WC69, Chi.

ELTY OUT OF DATE

d of Ohio Reformatory lls About Boy Saving.

shington, Sept. 30.—Such time- ed methods of punishment as the on, starvation, silence, the soli- cell, darkness and corporal pun- nt have been largely discredited erican reformatories, according e report of the committee on matory work and parole made to erican prison association to- t the opening of the second day's n. The report was presented by A. Leonard, superintendent of hio state reformatory.

Leonard reported that where ethods of punishment enumer- survived they were largely on the sive.

most every American reformatory rating under some modified inde- nate sentence law," said the re- "All, we believe, have a sys- f parole more or less effective, some reformatories administer a tion law in addition. There are io at present on probation or nded sentence about 200 young who are being given an oppor- to rehabilitate themselves. The iment has thus far worked ad- ly."

Leonard argued that the young nal could be made to stand se- when released from prison only his feet rested upon the rock of mic independence.

GIRLS PLEASE THE DUKE

z Josef, of Bavaria, Sails for e Heartwhole, but Admiring.

York, Sept. 28.—While Duke Franz of Bavaria, started back to his land with his heart intact yes- , when he sailed on the Kronprinz m, he took pains to make clear his failure to succumb to Cupid was e to lack of admiration for the dian girl.

ard the steamship he was asked: you going to take an American ack with you?"

like to," he replied, "but you member when I arrived in Ameri- said I had no thoughts of matri- The American women are won- ly attractive, and, while I take back to Europe with me, in e of not having selected a wife, ably feel profound admiration for men of this country."

ETY FAVORITE DIED POOR

ie Gebhard Left But $10,000 —Nothing to Wife.

York, Sept. 29.—The will of the "Freddie" Gebhard was filed for e yesterday. The petition sets that the one time society favorite worth "less than $10,000."

will makes no mention of Mrs. rd, who was Miss Marie Wilson their marriage. She was one of iginal "Florodora girls." It be- the entire estate to Mrs. Mary Neilson, Mr. Gebhard's sister.

Pure Blood

is the first essential to health. Do you know that common red clover blossoms, properly prepared, possess mar- velous curative properties and are par- ticularly effective in purifying the blood, as a Laxative—keeps bowels relaxed and any condition—removes impurities.

tham's Extract Red Clover

no alcohol and is not a patent medicine. It is pure extract of choice clover blossoms, gath- at the right time and prepared in a scientific If you suffer from constipation, headaches, s, eczema, salt rheum, cancer, rheuma- blood disease, you should learn all about rful remedy. Ask your druggist for Nees- tract. Send coupon for free booklet.

tham's Sons, 40 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago send me free booklet.

FILM BRINGS REMORSE

Picture of Mother's Suffering Halts Boy Thief.

New York, Sept. 28.—Confessing today in police court to the theft of $500, Charles G. Mayer, seventeen years old, of Denver, Colorado, told Magistrate Corrigan that a moving picture depicting a mother's suffering when her boy was taken for stealing money from the bank in which he was employed so touched him that he decided to give himself up, take his punishment, and begin life anew.

Mayer, who was employed as a hotel clerk here, was charged with taking the money, which had been left at the hotel desk for safe keeping. This was two months ago. Mayer disappeared and had not been heard of again until he gave himself up. Mayer said he was having a good time on the money until last Thursday, when he went to a moving picture show in Pittsburg and saw the picture story that brought him to his senses.

Mayer was brought back from Pittsburg last night.

WINCHESTER

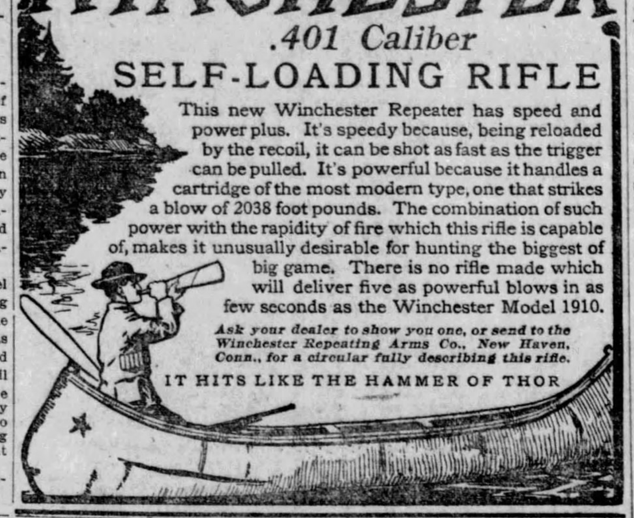
.401 Caliber

SELF-LOADING RIFLE

This new Winchester Repeater has speed and power plus. It's speedy because, being reloaded by the recoil, it can be shot as fast as the trigger can be pulled. It's powerful because it handles a cartridge of the most modern type, one that strikes a blow of 2038 foot pounds. The combination of such power with the rapidity of fire which this rifle is capable of, makes it unusually desirable for hunting the biggest of big game. There is no rifle made which will deliver five as powerful blows in as few seconds as the Winchester Model 1910.

Ask your dealer to show you one, or send to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for a circular fully describing this rifle.

IT HITS LIKE THE HAMMER OF THOR



ALFALFA GROWING PROFITABLE IN KANSAS

By F. D. Coburn.

Kansas is unique in many things, but in none more than the commanding position she occupies in alfalfa growing. Her development in this industry is one of the marvels of her prolific agriculture, and with alfalfa as with winter wheat, no other state approaches her in its acreage and production. Those who have known it longest and best are the ones who esteem it most highly—in fact, very few who have once raised or used it as a feed are satisfied to be without it; and as a rule they contemplate an enlarged acreage and its increased use. The marvelous fact connected with this plant so old in agriculture is that it comes, as it does, to so many at the beginning of the 20th century as an agricultural revelation.

The credulity of those who are strange to alfalfa, however fair minded, is invariably taxed by a recitation of the truth about this wonderful plant. Even the facts cut in two leave him in a perturbed state of mind as to the veracity or the sanity of the narrator, but the experiences of those who are actually its growers are convincing. An alfalfa field is a perennial and abiding blessing to those who are so fortunate as to have it, yielding annually, whether the season be wet or dry, its several cuttings of hay, unsurpassed in tonnage and quality, it is indeed esteemed as a benefaction and doubly appreciated where it flourishes and other clovers do not.

Another feature, too, that the wide-awake farmer does not overlook or minimize is the improving effects of its roots, restoring and enriching rather than depleting the fertility of his land, to the great benefit of other succeeding crops.

As is well known, alfalfa is one of the oldest forage plants, yet to the husbandry of the American farmer it is of but recent acquirement. Kansans were among the foremost to correctly estimate its worth, and its widespread introduction into the Sunflower state has been one of the most important factors in increasing bank deposits and the per capita wealth. It is noteworthy and significant that our unprecedented prosperity dates from the time alfalfa was first shown proper appreciation by our farmers. All who know alfalfa best esteem it as one of the richest acquisitions to American agriculture, and in Kansas conditions seem naturally adapted to its most abundant and economical production.

In Kansas alfalfa growing was a prelude to prosperity, and is the steadfast promoter of her progress. From obscurity it has steadily risen to the foremost rank among hay plants and has already resulted in quadrupling the state's output of tame hay. In 1890 the value of the tame hay crop was $2,000,000, while that of 1909 was considerably over $14,000,000. The annual value of products of live stock in that time has been doubled and alfalfa has made of Kansas, if not first, one of the foremost states in dairying, a most desirable branch of husbandry that intelligently and generally followed wellnigh insures continued and enlarged prosperity. Alfalfa, it seems, supplies the one requisite Providence failed to provide in establishing the otherwise ready-made conditions for dairying in Kansas, and the attention being given this branch of intensive farming in nearly every locality is having its beneficial influence commercially and socially. The widespread introduction of alfalfa in the Sunflower state has been one of the most important factors in the increase of bank deposits and the added wealth they represent. It has increased the state's manufactures through grinding the hay into meal and the preparation of various valuable stock foods, which add an important industry promising large development. The increase in its acreage here affords some, although no adequate idea of the growing appreciation in which the plant is held. It is just 20 years since the crop was first thought of enough importance to chronicle its statistics, and at that time the enumerators of the board of agriculture returned the area for the state as 34,334 acres. Now the alfalfa field of our state approximates 1,000,000 acres and but three cultivated crops exceed it in annual area—namely, wheat, corn and oats. In combination with these alfalfa furnishes Kansans in abundance with perhaps the best and cheapest rations anywhere available for the maintenance of their live stock, for the excellence of which they are famed.

The new convert and the would-be beginner who seeks light as to alfalfa is more than liable to find himself befogged by the vast amount of twaddle in catalogues, bulletins and the press, pretending to describe the superior qualities and peculiarities of the alleged numerous different varieties, and the importance of securing this one for a cold climate, that one for a dry climate and the others for certain latitudes and altitudes at prices that are preposterous. Generally speaking, most of these so-called varieties are not in the market and many of them never existed. The dealer may advertise and profess (possibly in good faith) to slumber them, but the chances are that if their history was traced it would reveal that at the farther end of the line they all came from the same bin.

The fact that a man in any given locality has tried alfalfa once or twice without success signifies very little as to its adaptability there. Being unfamiliar with its habits or requirements he may have done scarcely any of the simple things needful to its prosperity. This, too, while thinking he was right and taking no little pains. His ignorance may in a single turn have been the cause of failure, or he may have gone wrong at every turn. In either event the reflection is on him rather than on the alfalfa.

In the hands of a stranger to it alfalfa that has failed after one or two attempts to raise it has not as a rule had a fair trial. Such failure should only serve to make the experimenter more determined, and no householder who has two acres of ground and keeps a horse, a cow, a pig or poultry should be satisfied without having a part of his realty in this greatest of all forage plants. Failure may come from various causes, and be the result of innocent ignorance or general inefficiency, for which the locality, soil elements or climate are in no way responsible. It might came, for example, sponsible. It might come, for example, wise impure; seed that was reasonably pure but in some way damaged so that it was not germinable; sowing too much or too little seed; sowing at the wrong season of the year or at an unpropitious date when weather conditions proved unkind; or improper sowing upon land improperly prepared, unfortunately situated or foul with weed seeds; upon land so situated as to be too wet much of the year; on new land, the primitive wildness of which had not been subdued, or on old land robbed of its fertility and humus by long-continued cropping.

By the first enumeration of the alfalfa acreage of Kansas, in 1891, Finney county was found far in the lead by more than two to one, with 5,717 acres. Her closest competitor was Kearny, the county next west, with 2,188 acres. At that time Jewell, now the leader of all, with her 11,602 acres, had but 296 acres.

One of the striking and interesting features of alfalfa history in our state has been the shifting of the locality of increase. In 1891 the west was in the lead and for the following seven years Finney county was foremost. In 1898 Butler, a

Finished Steers Ready for Market

Alfalfa is pronouncedly superior to prairie hay for beef production, and the more rapid the extension of the area of land devoted to the production of alfalfa, supplanting the less valuable and lower yielding native hay, the more rapid will be the production of wealth from our soil.

southern county, obtained the lead and held it for one year, when Jewell, an extreme northern county, central from east to west, gained supremacy and has maintained it constantly, of late with no real competitor.

To illustrate the tremendous percentage of increase in alfalfa plantings in Kansas two groups, one of six northern and another of six southern counties, may be used. These with their averages in 1891 and 1909 compared, afford striking examples. The showing for the six northern counties is as follows:

	Acres— 1891.	1909.
Jewell	296	61,602
Smith	53	44,335
Phillips	111	31,779
Republic	496	31,776
Mitchell	630	26,047
Washington	306	21,459
Totals	2,042	216,998

An increase in these six counties of 10,527 per cent, the stating of which sounds like romance or fable. For the six southern counties the showing is thus:

	Acres— 1891.	1909.
Sedgwick	1,023	29,528
Butler	503	38,350
Sumner	332	22,384
Cowley	416	22,016
Harper	101	15,541
Barber	694	12,560
Totals	3,179	187,519

The increase in these six southern counties of 4,226 per cent was not so large as in the six northern counties, but strikingly impressive as an object lesson.

These 12 counties combined had in 1891, 5,221 acres; in 1909 they had 354,517 acres, or an increase of 6,690 per cent. They had, too, in 1909, 36 per cent of the entire alfalfa acreage of the state. Kansas had in 1909 alfalfa to the extent of 983,529 acres or an increase of 13 per cent over 1908 and 211.3 per cent over 1901 and a gain of 2,789.6 per cent over the area of 1891. Alfalfa can be grown in every county in the state, and each county has a greater or less area of it. Seventy-seven counties showed increases in 1909, aggregating 119,661 acres and the net gain for the year was 115,256 acres. While Jewell county has most alfalfa, Smith, its neighbor on the west, ranks second, with 44,335 acres, and Butler to the south and further east, comes third, with 38,390 acres. Other counties having over 20,000 acres were Phillips, Republic, Sedgwick, Mitchell, Dickinson, Cloud, Sumner, Cowley, Osborne, Marion and McPherson, ranking in the order named.

The largest gains in the year were reported by Phillips and Cowley of 5,370 and 5,355 acres, respectively, followed by Sumner with an increase of 4,791 acres, Smith 4,545 acres, Pinney 4,542 acres, Mitchell 4,489 acres, Harper 4,437 acres and Barber 4,314 acres.

Alfalfa is a wonderful plant, yielding under widely varying conditions well-nigh incredible growths of incomparable forage, yet some brains are a requisite of success, even in growing alfalfa. To say that "any fool can grow alfalfa" is quite misleading, but with fair treatment under fairly favorable conditions it is bringing good fortune to thousands of those growers who know it best and use a decent intelligence in their dealings with it.

Alfalfa since its advent has sold more Kansas land and at higher prices than any other one growth, commodity or influence. Lands with no sale and considered a burden at a $3 valuation have been quick sales at $40 to $75 per acre when seeded to this wonderful forage, while others, although not by any means the best, have paid their owners 10 and 15 per cent on valuations of $200 or more per acre. The cultivation and feeding of alfalfa mark the highest development of modern agriculture. Alfalfa is one of nature's precious gifts; it is the preserver and the conserver of the homestead. It does not fail from old age. It loves the sunshine, converting the sunbeams into coin in the pockets of the thrifty husbandman. It is the greatest mortgage lifter yet discovered and Kansas is its happy habitat.

RENO GAMBLERS QUIT

Nevada, Like Other States, Makes Games Illegal.

Reno, Nev. Oct. 3.—With the stroke of the clock at midnight Friday the ivory ball of the roulette wheel gave its roll, the card in the faro box was turned for the last time, the dice on the crap table were given their final throw, and all devices of every sort in all the gambling houses throughout Nevada stopped, for the new anti-gambling law became effective October 1.

In the earlier hours of the night the town was given over to a "last chance" celebration in all the gambling houses and allied places. It was the wildest night the town ever has seen.

With the closing of licensed gambling in this state gambling became illegal throughout the United States. It was a momentous hour in the unique history of Reno. Seven years ago the first large gambling house was opened on Commercial Row. This was followed by the establishment of a score of others, until the thoroughfare became to be known as Gamblers' row.

With the enforcement of the new law more than 50 games cease and a monthly revenue of more than $5,000 to the city and county is cut off. Some of the saloons connected with the gambling places will be maintained, but there will be stillness in the "Monte Carlo" of America. This also ends all open gambling in Nevada.

The closing ends the stubborn fight between the gamblers and the reform element, which has been going on for two years. The gamblers made their final stand here, expending large sums of money. They have been beaten down gradually throuh the work of the church, the University of Nevada, the woman's organizations, which combined brought finally legislative enactment.

BIG CROWD WATERMELON DAY

Webster City, Ia., Sept. 28.—There were 20,000 visitors in Webster city yesterday to celebrate Watermelon day at the expense of the Commercial league.

Two cars of melons were given away free and a free vaudeville program was put on afternoon and evening. The industrial parade was two miles long.

Fit Medicine Free! 10-Day Offer

For ten days we will send absolutely free a two weeks' supply of medicine for EPILEPSY, ST. VITAS DANCE and NERVOUS DISORDERS. Write today or you may be too late. Kira Remedy Co., 267 Detroit St., Flint, Mich.

TAFT HUNTS NEW HOME

Owner of Beverly House Did Not Like Guard.

Beverly, Mass., Oct. 3.—House hunting has been the diversion of Mrs. William Howard Taft during part of the time that the president has been absent from Beverly on his trip to Cincinnati and Washington. Inquiries aroused by Mrs. Taft's house hunting activities have disclosed the possibility tthat the president's lease of the summer White house may not be renewed for another year.

The house is one of several houses to which access is gained by a private driveway used in common by the different households. While no statement on the matter can be obtained, either from the executive offices or from Mrs. Evans, who owns the property, it is understood that Mrs. Evans has objected to the sentry duty performed by the president's body-guard of secret service agents. It is thought that Mrs. Evans' friends and guests occasionally have been halted by the secret service men, and requested to tell their mission in the vicinity of the president's house, before being allowed to proceed.

No decision regarding any change in the location of the summer White House will be made until after the president's return to Beverly tomorrow.

GROWTH OF EASTERN CITIES

Population of Malden, Quincy and Waltham, Mass., Announced.

Washington, Sept. 28.—Population statistics, as enumerated for the thirteenth census, were made public today by the census bureau for the following cities:

Malden, Mass., 44,404, an increase of 10,740, or 31.9 per cent over 33,664 in 1900.

Quincy, Mass., 32,642, an increase of 8,743, or 36.6 per cent over 26,252 in 1900.

Waltham, Mass., 27,834, an increase of 4,353, or 18.5 per cent over 23,481 in 1900.

COAST DIVORCE COURT BUSY

1,060 Decrees Granted in Los Angeles During Year.

Los Angeles, Oct. 1.—Figures made public today in a compilation of the marriage and divorce records of Los Angeles for the last year show that from October 1, 1909, to October 1, 1910, 1,060 divorces were granted, 645 of them within the last six months. This is a rate of one divorce to fewer than five marriages. During September alone 202 legal separations were granted.

LOS ANGELES TIMES FIRE

Destroys Twenty Lives and Causes Half Million Property Loss.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 1.—The building and plant of the Los Angeles Times, one of the best known newspapers of the southwest, of which General Harrison Gray Otis is editor and principal owner, was destroyed by an explosion and fire shortly after 1 o'clock today, resulting in the death of more than 20 of its employes and a financial loss of nearly half a million dollars.

The explosion was heard for miles. All windows in the vicinity of the Times building at First street and Broadway were shattered.

Escaping Gas Ignites.

Between 50 and 75 employes were in the structure at the time of the explosion and until the whole list can be checked over it will not be known how many lives were lost.

The responsible heads of the paper, including Assistant General Manager Harry Chandler, had narrow escapes from death, many of them having left their offices a short time before the explosion.

The city council, voted $25,000 today as a fund to be used to run down the perpetrators of the alleged dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times, $2,500 of which was made available as a reward for the capture of the culprit or culprits.

A. O. Veitmoe, secretary-treasurer of the State Building Trades Council, has offered a reward of $7,500 for the conviction of perpetrators of the explosion.

Bomb Under Residence.

Additional excitement was caused during the forenoon by news that a dynamite bomb had been found under the residence of F. J. Zeehandelaar on Garland street. Mr. Zeehandelaar, as secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers' association, has been active in conjunction with the Los Angeles Times in opposition to the labor unions.

The bomb was found by Special Officer Hendrickson, who reported to police headquarters, and Chief of Police Galloway despatched a detail of officers to the scene.

The bomb, which was of clock work design, consisted of 15 sticks of dynamite attached to a fuse connected with the clock work. It was taken by the police to a vacant lot in the vicinity.

As soon as word of the discovery of the bomb became known in the neighborhood there was a general exodus of residents.

The text of a telegram received today by Assistant General Manager Chandler from General Otis, en route to this city from El Paso, was not made public, but Mr. Chandler said General Otis was not at all perturbed over the destruction of his newspaper, but stated that the fight against labor unions would be continued. The Times issued an extra from its press in auxiliary office at College and San Fernando streets during the morning.

The management places the blame for the explosion on the labor unions, with which the paper has long been engaged in bitter warfare. It is charged that unidentified persons set off a charge of dynamite in a blind alley which ran into the center of the building, completely wrecking the interior and setting it on fire from roof to basement.

The building was equipped with gas fittings, and the force of the explosion, tearing these pipes into bits, released gas which was instantaneously ignited. No other cause but that of dynamite explosion was advanced by witnesses except one, a Western Union telegraph operator, William Firman, who stated that he detected the odor of gas throughout the building earlier in the night and had called attention to it.

Police Arrest Man.

A few minutes after the explosion the police arrested a man named Harry Plake making his way through the Broadway tunnel, a few blocks distant. He was locked up on suspicion. William Irwin was arrested later in the morning.

Wesley Reeves, secretary to Manager Chandler, has not been found since the fire. Mr. Chandler believes his secretary lost his life. Chandler's office was wrecked by the explosion. Mr. Chandler said:

"There is no doubt that this outrage can be laid to the doors of the labor unions. They have destroyed the building and have killed a number of our men, we do not know how many, but they can't kill the Times.

"There is no doubt that the explosion was caused by a charge of dynamite placed apparently in the little blind alley in the center of the building. No other agency could have caused it. There was no oil in the building. We had no boilers to explode. There was no gasoline in the place except a small can or two in the composing room. It is true that the building was equipped with gas, but no explosion of gas could have caused it. For years we have been receiving threatening letters from people who said that the paper ought to be blown up."

Orders New Equipment.

Two hours after the fire Mr. Chandler was busy writing telegrams to New York ordering printing presses and linotypes and stereotyping outfit for a new plant. An issue of the paper was gotten out today from the composing rooms of the Los Angeles Herald and from an auxiliary of the Times office in another part of the city.

Mr. Chandler said that two years ago the Times had established an auxiliary plant at College and San Francisco streets, equipping it with a press and twelve linotype machines with the expectation that the present plant would some day be destroyed.

Most of Reporters Gone.

The dead and missing come principally from the composing room which was directly above the spot where the explosion occurred.

All the editors and reporters had gone home with the exception of two or three men. Assistant City Editor Harvey C. Elder was still on duty. When the explosion came and the flames shot up through all the parts of the building, Elder was stunned, but attempted to escape. Finding exit by the stairway shut off, he ran to the windows, which opened out from the third floor on Broadway. There were no fire escapes there, and hemmed in by flames, he jumped. Firemen below held a net, but he missed it and struck the pavement. He died soon afterward.

Night Editor Taggart was at work in the composing room. He leaped through a window and made his way across the roofs of adjoining buildings to safety.

The entire force of editors and operators was at work in the telegraph room excepting Telegraph Editor R. N. Whitney. Harry L. Crane, the assistant telegraph editor was seen attempting to make his way out of the building. He was not found among the survivors.

Cry for Help.

Several men came to the upper windows a few minutes after the fire started and cried for help. The firemen failed to get their ladders up quick enough and the flames burst out below them.

Nets were stretched and those at the windows were urged to jump. Many did and alighted safely. Others hesitated and fell back into the flames.

Foreman Craybill of the composing room estimates that there were about 115 men in the building, 85 of whom were in his department. He believes that 12 of his men were killed and that the fatalities in other departments totaled about the same number.

About 15 men were in the stereotyping department but all are believed to have made their escape.

LEG A MASS OF HUMOR

"About seven years ago a small abrasion appeared on my right leg. I began to scratch it and it spread until my leg from my ankle to the knee was one solid scale like a scab. The irritation was always worse at night and would not allow me to sleep, and it was completely undermining my health. I was almost out of my mind with pain. I would have to scratch until I had the blood running down into my shoe. I simply cannot describe my suffering during those seven years.

"I tried all kinds of doctors and remedies but I might as well have thrown my money down a sewer. I had given up hope of ever being cured when I was induced to give the Cuticura Remedies a trial. After using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent for a little while I began to see a change and soon the trouble had entirely disappeared and my leg was as fine as the day I was born. Now after a lapse of six months there is no sign of a recurrence. I recommend Cuticura. W. H. White, 312 E. Cabot St., Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4 and Apr. 18, 1909."

Words of Praise

For the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed, as given by leaders in all the several schools of medicine, should have far more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials. A Booklet made up of these sent *free*. Address as below. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has THE BADGE OF HONESTY on every bottle-wrapper, in a full list of all its ingredients printed in plain English and sworn to as correct.

If you are an invalid woman and suffer from frequent headache, backache, gnawing distress in stomach, periodical pains, disagreeable dragging-down distress, perhaps dark spots or specks dancing before the eyes, faint spells and kindred symptoms caused by female weakness, or other derangement of the feminine organs, you can not do better than take

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

The hospital, surgeon's knife and operating table may be avoided by the timely use of "Favorite Prescription" in such cases. Thereby the obnoxious examinations and local treatments of the family physician can be avoided and a thorough course of successful treatment carried out in the privacy of the home.

"Favorite Prescription" is composed of the very best native medicinal roots known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments, and contains no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs.

Do not expect too much from "Favorite Prescription;" it will not perform miracles; it will not dissolve or cure tumors. No medicine will. It will do as much to establish vigorous health in most weaknesses and ailments peculiarly incident to women as any medicine can. It must be given a fair chance by perseverance in its use for a reasonable length of time.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this remedy of known composition.

Sick women are invited to consult us by letter, *free*. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the best laxative and regulator of the bowels.

FLIES HIGHEST YET

Wynmalen Rises More Than 9,000 Feet.

Mourmelon, France, Oct. 1.—M. Wynmalen, the aviator, established a new world's record for altitude today, rising to a height of 9,121 feet. The earlier best mark of 8,409 feet was made by the late George Chavez.

Wynmalen rose until his motor failed him, and then made a perilous descent. He suffered intensely and his experience was similar to that of Leon Morane, who on September 3 ascended 8,271 feet, establishing a record that stood until eclipsed by Chaves.

Cold is Biting.

Wynmalen started at 6:28 o'clock, and warmed up by circling the aerodrome several times, testing his engine. When everything was working ship-shape he gradually rose in a spiral course. At an altitude of 2,500 metres he encountered biting cold. His ears and fingers were numbed and an icy gale that slashed his face checked and at times drove back the machine. Nevertheless the aviator continued the struggle upward. At a height of 2,780 metres (9,121 feet) the motor stopped and Wynmalen found that his fuel was exhausted.

There was nothing left for him to do but to plane down to the earth. This was accomplished in 13 minutes, but the graduated descent required a battle with a wind which threatened to dash the biplane to the ground. The airman landed safely, but was thoroughly exhausted. An examination showed that the carbureter had been frozen at the high altitude, thus crippling the power of the machine. The flight was official, and the record will stand.

HAS DEAR TOO MANY

He's In Bad When He's Suddenly Confronted by Two Wives.

New York, Oct. 3.—Two women, one 19, the other more than 45, with a sprinkling of gray, faced Alexander Lang when he went to his home, 11 Columbus place, Brooklyn, Saturday morning at 1 o'clock.

"Aren't you my husband?" inquired the young woman as she caught Lang by the lapel of his coat.

"Certainly I am, my dear," said Lang. "Didn't I marry you on August 18 last? Aren't you my beautiful young bride?"

"And didn't you marry me on April 22, 1889?" spoke up the older woman, who suddenly appeared from the doorway of another room. "Didn't Rev. Mr. Hopuenbauer, of the Lutheran church, marry us, and wasn't I your wife until five years ago?"

"You speak the truth, my other dear," said Lang. "I married you when you say I did, and I quit you five years ago."

Then Policeman Dinselbacher and Detective McCurrin, of headquarters, came from the hall.

McCurrin said: "Sorry, Mr. Lang, but we have to arrest you on the charge of bigamy."

Arrest me!" yelled Lang. "Why, I've never been arrested in my life. I'm a respectable man—a business man. I can't be arrested."

She Nearly Hits Him.

"Oh, you can't?" screamed the 19-year-old wife. "You can't be arrested?" And all that saved Lang, who is nearing the 50-year mile post, from falling into the girl's clutches was the presence of the police.

The second Mrs. Lang told how she had met Lang three years ago, when she was only 16 years old. Her maiden name was Caroline Schoeneck and her father is a man of means.

"I met him at a birthday party given to me," explained the second Mrs. Lang. "He was so much older than I, and he said he would give me many presents. But I wanted to have a profession of my own and I became a trained nurse in Bellevue hospital. Just after I was graduated, Mr. Lang insisted that I give up my work and marry him, and I consented. Then my father gave us this house. I thought he had plenty of money. He said that he was a confectioner. Now I learn that he was simply an employe in a Manhattan confectionery, and that his salary is less than I could make as a trained nurse."

Then spoke up the second Mrs. Lang. She showed her marriage certificate and said:

"This man deserted me when I was ill five years ago. Here is a note he sent me at the time."

The note read: "I am very sorry to leave you, dear. It is very hard on you I know at this age. God knows I can't help it. Alex."

"My dearest one (without prejudice to you, my dearest Caroline)," said Lang as he was led away to the lock-up, "I never would have left you if I had not lost all my money on the races, and I did not have the heart to tell you."

Magistrate Harris accepted a plea of guilty of bigamy from Lang in Gates avenue court and held him in $2,000 bail to await the action of the grand jury.

MURDER IS EASY IN CHICAGO

Of 693 Homicides But Two Reach Capital Punishment.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—Of 693 homicides in the city of Chicago in the last four years, capital punishment has been inflicted in only two cases and life imprisonment has been imposed in only 42 cases.

This was brought out in a letter from Chief of Police Steward to Corporation Counsel Brundage, urging the Bar association to take some steps to procure the conviction of more murderers. Of the number placed on trial, the letter said, 14 were acquitted.

BISHOP AGAINST PROHIBITION

Head of Protestant Episcopal Church Prefers Option.

Montgomery, Mo., Sept. 30.—Daniel S. Tuttle, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States, in a prepared interview, said here today:

"All true Americans, it seems to me, ought to strive to maintain and perpetuate American principles. Statewide prohibition violates and local option supports this principle, therefore I am opposed to state-wide prohibition and in favor of local option."

Missouri, at the November election, will vote on the state-wide prohibition constitutional amendment.

BIG PRIZE FOR SOARING

Berlin, Sept. 30.—The ministry of war today announced that it would give $25,000 as a prize for an overland aviation competition.

FAVORS OPEN POLYGAMY

Superintendent of N. Y. State Women's Reformatory Attacks Morals.

Washington, Oct. 3.—"I advocate polygamy as a national institution—open and recognized—if the identical standard of morality is impossible for both men and women."

This is the deliberate opinion of Dr. Katharine Davis, Ph. D., University of Chicago, superintendent of the New York State Women's Reformatory, and the holder of half a dozen degrees from foreign universities.

"I say emphatically," said Dr. Davis today, "if it is impossible for men to live by the same standards which civilization requires of its women, then let them establish an open system of polygamy.

Present Moral Rottenness.

"Let a man be married to as many wives as he can support. Let the women who err with men be not the outcasts of society, and let their children be given the love and care and opportunity that every human being brought into the world deserves. Would this not be infinitely better than our present system and its moral rottenness?

"The cause of the crimes committed by the great majority of women," she continued, "is the fact that there is one set of morals for men and an entirely different standard for women. In the New York State Reformatory, of which I have charge, and in which there are between 300 and 400 women, there are few who are not the victims, primarily or solely, of this double standard.

Women Go to Ruin.

"By it men escape unscathed with the complete tolerance, if not with the approval of society, while women go to a ruin from which they can rarely be reclaimed, and our foundling asylums are filled with defective children. I repeat that better than this would be the establishment of an open system of polygamy."

Miss Davis is a graduate of Vassar.

JAPS ROUGHLY HANDLED

Harbin, Manchuria, Sept. 30.—Japanese were arrested and roughly handled when found today in a district that is not open to foreign trade.

FIND MORE QUEER MONEY

Secret Service Men Turn Up Counterfeit Bank Notes.

Washington, Sept. 30.—The secret service has unearthed what appears to be a bold and extensive attempt at counterfeiting national bank notes.

Notes of the same denomination and issue as were found yesterday on the Pasadena (Cal.) National bank were discovered today issued on the First National bank of Williamsport, Pa.

Vigorous Manhood

Two "Health Belt Men"; One 50 Years Old, the Other 30. Can You Pick Out the Younger?

I can show you how to restore your youth and how to keep it. A "Health Belt Man" CANNOT grow old, he must be young forever. Years count for nothing in this life, so long as you have great vitality. Weakness, Nervousness, Unmanliness are conditions to be laughed at by the intelligent user of my great appliance, for it gives in abundance, all that vim, vigor and nerve force which the weakened system craves. Worn every night and all night for two or three months, it sends a great, warm glowing volume of electricity into your body through the nerve centres at small of back; from the first hour's use you experience a decided benefit; there is a great mysterious force which gets right to work. No drugs to be taken; no conditions imposed except that dissipation must cease. Help Nature that much, the Belt will do the rest. It takes the weakness and kink out of your back; it drives rheumatic pains away from all parts of the body; you will feel and look young and strong again; women and men, noticing your physical change, will be more attracted toward you on account of your new vitality and life; in two months you can experience the full vigor of perfect manhood. Charles L. Snell, of Middleport, N. Y., writes: "Your Health Belt cured me of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor, Kidney and Bladder troubles after all else failed." This is but one testimonial among thousands which you may see if you care to.

Let Me Send You This Book FREE

It fully describes my Health Belt, and contains much valuable information. One part deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. The other part is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

If in or near the city, take the time to drop in at my office, that you may see, examine and try the Belt. No charge for professional advice, either at my office or by mail. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free book by return mail. It is better than a fortune for anyone needing new vigor.

DR. T. B. SANDEN CO., 1151 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.

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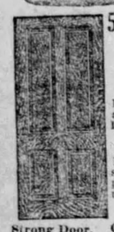

Strong Door, 77 cents.

Flight of Stairs, Complete and ready to put together $23.93

We offer a splendid variety of Stair Material in Oak and Yellow Pine. Our designs admit of many variations. Our Prices save you from $60 to $125 on a complete flight of stairs. See Catalog for latest stair designs.

Estimates FREE.

GORDON-VAN TINE CO.
2093 Case St., Davenport, Ia.

NUMBER OF DEAD 72

Miners in Mexican Catastrophe Have No Chance of Being Taken Out.

Monterey, Mex., Oct. 3.—Latest news from the coal mine at Palu, where an explosion occurred Friday night, indicates that the loss of life probably will be 72 miners, mostly Mexicans and Japanese. Only two bodies have thus far been recovered, owing to the presence of poisonous gasses.

The force of the explosion blew down all of the timbers in the slope from the sixth lift to the surface. It blew out the mouth of the slope, lifting 20 feet of surface and closing the mine. The fan house also was blown down, but the fan and engine were not injured. Entrance was made to the mine through the second opening, but all the ventilating currents and air stepping being destroyed, it was impossible to penetrate into the mine far enough to reach any of the miners.

Overcome by Afterdamp.

The first rescue party was overcome by afterdamp, but were brought to the surface and recovered in a few hours.

The work of restoring the air currents is proceeding as rapidly as possible. Two bodies have so far been recovered and there are about seventy more men in the mine. There is no possibility of the men being recovered alive, as it will be 48 hours more before all the bodies can be reached. The neighboring mines sent their superintendents with picked men and all have aided faithfully in the rescue work.

Rescue helmets could not be used as they were so heavy and the space left to crawl through so small that the men could not get through with them on.

The mine was the largest producer of the Coahuila Coal company and has been shipping about 18,000 tons of coal per month for some years.

The cause of the explosion has not been determined, but the indications are that it was caused by miners smuggling in some common dynamite instead of using the safety powder furnished by the company.

HURTS THE PUSHCART MAN

Blight Is Said to Be Killing Off Bananas.

Washington, Sept. 30.—The pushcart vender is threatened with business bankruptcy because the banana industry is threatened with destruction.

A blight is wiping out the banana plantations of the West Indies and Central America which, if unchecked, will mean the total extinction of the industry; and there has been nothing done to check it.

The blight is a disease that has not so far been satisfactory explained by science. It starts where the crown of leaves springs from the trunk of the tree, turns the leaves yellow and finally kills the whole plant. There are manifestations of it in the trunk and the leaves when sections are made of them, but what it it or whence it comes is a mystery.

APPLES THE NEW JAG CURE

They Allay, So They Say, That Thirsty Irritation.

Chicago, Sept. 29.—The W. C. T. U. of Cook county is going to fight drink with apples. It has discovered that the agent which caused the fall of the human race may now regenerate it.

Dr. Samuel Bailey, of Mount Ary., Ia., has been experimenting on the anti-booze qualities of apples. He has cured hundreds of drinkers by feeding them apples when they wanted to drink. The women are sending out thousands of leaflets which read:

The use of apples as an article of diet will very much diminish, decrease and ultimately abate the appetite for alcoholic stimulants.

That this is a fact could be proved in many instances if a little care, caution and vigilance be taken to investigate conditions. As a rule the habitual user of alcoholic stimulants is rarely a consumer of apples. There seems to be a peculiar combination in apples that allays the irritation, or so-called appetite, produced by the use of liquor.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man, who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

SUGAR Fine Gran. lb. 2½c

We SAVE you about one HALF on Groceries and general Merchandise and pay freight. Send me money but write at once for Free Catalogue 46
CENTRAL MERCANTILE COMPANY
415 and 417 Dearborn St., Chicago.

BARES UNWRITTEN HISTORY

General Sickels Tells of Own Insubordination at Gettysburg.

Gettysburg, Pa., Sept. 29.—For the first time Major General Daniel E. Sickels Thusday admitted his insubordination to Gen. George Meade at the battle of Gettysburg. General Sickels was here to attend the dedication of the memorial to the Pennsylvania soldiers who fought in that battle. To the students of Gettysburg college the general, now 85 years old, said:

"I made a forced march of 10 miles from Emmetsburg, reaching here on the night of July 1, 1863. It did not take me long to ascertain that General Lee evidently intended to attack my left flank.

"The next morning I appealed to Meade. I found Meade utterly ignorant of the danger. At noon I changed my position, without orders.

"Just as I got matters in shape to defend myself from Lee's attack I was summoned to Meade's headquarters. I replied that it was folly to leave. The aid returned with peremptory orders to attend Meade's headquarters. I galloped to headquarters just as the rattle of the enemy's musketry was heard by Meade. 'Don't dismount, Sickles,' he shouted, 'but hurry back to your command. I was misled by the enemy.'"

NEEDED AN OSTRICH STOMACH

Woman Had Mere Human One, so Nine Teaspoons Killed Her.

Concord, N. H., Oct. 4.—Peculiar facts connected with the death last Friday of Miss Catherine J. Moher, of Manchester, at the New Hampshire insane asylum in this city, have come to light today.

On Thursday last one of the asylum attendants noticed that Miss Moher was behaving rather queerly with a tablespoon. Before she could be reached by the nurse, Miss Moher swallowed the spoon.

The matter was reported to the head physician, who ordered an immediate operation. Anesthetics were applied and when the stomach was opened nine teaspoons were found therein, four being partly enveloped with hair, which had been wound around them.

A good sized screw and a piece of wire five inches in length were also found in the stomach.

The authorities gave these facts for publication out last night and say that a mania to swallow silverware is not uncommon.

NEW YORK SLUMS PARADISE

Father Vaughan Puts Them Far Ahead of London.

New York, Oct. 4.—The slums of New York are a paradise compared to those of London, according to the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, prominent English Jesuit preacher. Father Vaughan came to New York to assist in the consecration of St. Patrick's cathedral. He has been spending his leisure time in visits to the New York East Side tenement district.

"After spending almost an entire night in the slums of your city, I can say that I enjoyed the experience," he declared. "Here were children playing and dancing in the electric light and people sat on their porches happy and contented. Poles, Jews, Italians, Chinese and Japanese were there, all gay and lively. The artistocracy of New York dwells in its slums.

"The millionaires of your Fifth avenue are not to be compared with these people; their children are not to be compared with these children, God would feel at home there. Your slums, New Yorkers, are a paradise compared to the dark, gloomy, sunless courts and alleys known to me in the east of London."

HE DIES OF AUTO CURIOSITY

Man Turns Crank and Machine Crushes Out Life.

Chicago, Oct. 4.—Curiosity on the part of James Stahl, 30 years old, a farm hand as to what were the component parts of an automobile left standing in the road near the Bohens farm in Worth, a West Side suburb yesterday, resulted in his death when the object of his curiosity ran him down and killed him.

The automobile was left standing in the road. Stahl inspected the numerous levers and then stepped to the front of it and turned the starting crank. The heavy machine bore down and crushed him before he could step aside.

The owners of the machine heard the cries of the dying man and rushed to the road to find their auto a wreck and Stahl dead.

MAIL IS ROBBED OF GOLD

Steamer From Alaska Is Prey of Thieves.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 3.—The mail pouches on the steamer City of Seattle from Skagway were robbed of an unknown amount of gold last night, all the bags being slit open.

When the steamer reached her pier today the passengers were allowed to leave one at a time, after being carefully searched. Two men have been arrested.

PASTE PAPER ON POSTER LEGS

Inmates of Old Ladies' Home Angered by Billboard Display.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 3.—On a wall opposite the Old Ladies' home a bill poster put up a number of show bills of ballet dancers clad in gaudy and scant attire.

The inmates of the home were indignant.

They procured a number of newspapers and, with paste and pot, covered the offending legs of the dancers, and were much pleased with their work.

TAFT GETS SULU HEIRLOOM

Sultan Hands Him Gold-Mounted Knife.

Washington, Sept. 30.—Puaghina Hadji Tahil, a member of the suite of the Sultan of Sulu, has presented President Taft with a kreese, or curved knife with a gold mounted ivory handle.

The Sulu visitor declared the weapon had been handed down in his family for more generations than there was record of.

PUSH HUNT FOR SAILORS

Searchers Meet No Success in Dragging Hudson for New Hampshire's Men.

New York, Oct. 3.—Search was continued today for bodies of the United States sailors drowned Saturday evening when the cutter in which they were returning to their ship, the New Hampshire, from the landing at the foot of West 157th street, overturned.

Up to 11 o'clock this morning not one of the 29 reported drowned had been picked up. Sixteen other sailors are missing from the battleship, and are believed to have overstayed their shore leave.

Boats and launches from the harbor police and the battle ships today dragged the waters of the North river in the vcinity where the boat overturned, and also patrolled the shore for a mile in either direction.

Captain Rodgers, of the battleship New Hampshire, has received word from two of the sailors whose shore liberty expired on Saturday night and who were reported missing. These were T. A. Bonsall, ordinary seaman, and A. Dwindell, bugler. Bonsall sent a telegram to Captain Rodgers dated at Philadelphia, and stating that he would report for duty today. Dwindell returned to the New Hampshire last night and reported for duty.

Relatives Seek News.

Along the water front in the vicinity of the accident crowds gathered yesterday, rushing hither and thither seeking information. Many women were among them, their eyes red from weeping or anxiety depicted on their faces. They were looking for news of relatives or friends who had had shore leave and still have not reported back on the New Hampshire.

The midshipmen on the landing float were courteous in answering questions, but when it came to the point of giving news they referred everyone to the officer of the deck on board the battleship. Visitors were received aboard the vessel as usual, and hundreds inspected the big fighting craft in addition to the anxious ones who sought information on the New Hampshire.

On board the flagship Louisiana, Rear Admiral Vreeland convened a court of inquiry to determine the exact cause of the disaster and place the responsibility. A number of the men who were aboard the ill fated boat told their stories and a report of the findings of the court, when completed, will be sent to the navy department.

Various versions of how the accident occurred were in circulation today. The generally accepted one, however, was that the barge, heavily loaded with sailors and marines returning from shore leave, was overturned by the swells of a passing steamboat. Rising for a moment like a cork the barge then plunged into the trough between two waves, one of which broke over the side and swamped it. Instantly the choppy water became dotted with struggling, shouting men, intermingled with floating packages, suit cases and personal belongings that the men were taking back to the ship.

The whistle of the little steam launch that was towing the barge rent the air with sharp, staccato calls for assistance. Few boats were in the vicinity, however, for the river was running high with white caps, kicked up by the strong wind. What few there were put out quickly across the 200 yards that separated the distressed craft and the shore. Many of the sailors and marines were pulled aboard these boats; others held tightly to the swamped barge. Still others, unequal to the battle with the waves and tide, floated up stream and disappeared.

Midshipman Godfrey DeCourcelles Chevalier, of the battleship New Hampshire, who was in command of the steam launch used to tow the sailing launch of the New Hampshire when the men lost their lives, has been a mental wreck since the tragedy. It was learned today he attempted to commit suicide immediately after he realized that so many of his men had drowned. He had gallantly leaped overboard and rescued 20 men. Then he in turn was rescued, exhausted and about to go under himself, by a launch of the Louisiana. On the way to that battleship he had to be restrained from leaping overboard.

SHOWS SHAKESPEARE FORGERY

Alteration of Dates of Early Quartos Discovered by Educator.

Madison, Wis., Sept. 29.—The forgery of dates of five quartos of the earliest editions of Shakespeare's works by unscrupulous printers has just been proved by William J. Neidig, of the English department of the University of Wisconsin, by a unique method of measuring type analagous to the Bertillon system of identifying criminals. All the work was done in this country on copies of the quartos in American libraries, and thus becomes the most important contribution to Shakespeareana in America.

By careful study of the peculiarities of the type and spacing on the title pages of these quarto editions, some worth $3,000, Mr. Neidig proves that copies of the quartos dated 1600 and 1608 were really printed in 1619, after Shakespeare's death, and not during his lifetime, as Shakespeare scholars had hitherto assumed.

Interesting composite photographs of the title pages show that the printers changed only the title lines and the dates, probably in order to avoid difficulties with the holders of publication rights.

BLUSHING COPS BUY LINGERIE

Detectives Go to Rescue of Maid Whose Raiment Was Stolen.

Atlantic City, Oct. 3.—Blushing detectives visited department stores last night and bought an entire outfit of clothes that included lingerie, after a mean thief had entered the apartments of a pretty visiting maid, whose identity is being concealed by the gallant coppers, and stolen her entire outfit.

She called up headquarters by telephone.

NEVADA G. O. P. FOR TAFT

Carson City, Sept. 28.—President Taft's administration and the so-called "Taft measures" passed by the last congress, were indorsed today by the Republican state convention. The Payne tariff was not mentioned. The convention also endorsed United States Senator Nixon for re-election.

40 Acre FLORIDA FARMS $400 Cash

Guaranteed as Good or Better Than Farms Selling at $30 Per Acre on Long Terms

This is the first chance you have had to buy good Florida farms as cheap as the large Colonization company. Our farms are in southern Florida, in flowing well district of Desoto county. Fine land for oranges, grapefruit and early vegetables. Surrounded by cultivated lands same township. Railroad facilities. Titles perfect, Warranty Deed. Not less than 40 acres sold each purchaser.
Terms.

$10 ACRE CASH

W. E. Dunwody, Manager, 40½ Park Bldg., JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

NEW INVENTION.

NO MORE WASH DAY!

New Method of Cleaning Clothes

Cleans Family Wash in 30 to 50 Minutes—Woman's Hardest Work Made Easy—No Rubbing, No Motors, No Chemicals.

NOT A WASHING MACHINE

DOES IN ONE OPERATION THE WORK OF WASH BOARD, WASHING MACHINE AND WASH BOILER.

SEE HOW SIMPLE—DIFFERENT, EASY. Put on any stove—add water, then soap, then clothes—move knob occasionally. In 5 to 8 minutes first batch clean—next batch same way, same water—in 30 to 50 minutes family wash clean. No labor, no injury to clothes.

Cleans woolens, flannels, blankets, or colored clothes, as well as white goods, finest laces, curtains, bed clothes. Saves time, fuel, labor.

EASY WAY in 30 to 50 minutes cleans washing which before took entire day. All metal, strong, durable, sanitary, light in weight. Easily used, cleaned, handled—always ready. Child or weakly woman can use it. Saves washday drudgery.

Users Praise "Easy Way"

J. McGee, Tenn., writes:—"One young lady cleaned day's washing in one hour with Easy Way—another in 45 minutes." Mrs. T. Bullen, Canada, writes:—"I washed bedding, heavy quilts, curtains, etc., without rubbing." Lauretta Mitchell, O., writes:—"Done a big washing in 45 minutes—sold 3 already. A. D. Poppleton, N. Y., "Gives perfect satisfaction. Washed bed quilts, greasy overalls and fine clothes. Greatest thing on earth." F. E. Post, Ga., writes:—

TWO WEEKS WASHING IN 45 MINUTES.

Clothes cleaned without rubbing." J. H. Barrett, Ark., after ordering 38 Easy Ways says:—"You have the grandest invention I ever heard of." J. W. Myers, Ga., says:—"Find check for 12 Easy Ways. Greatest invention to womankhood, forever abolishing miserable wash day. Sells itself."

AGENTS GETTING RICH

R. O. Cowan, N. Y. placed 13 in 6 hours—(profit $30.00.) Mrs. J. Brown, sold 10 in 3 days—(profit $30.00.) K. J. Blevins, O., writes: "Made 7 calls, sold 5 one day."—(profit $15.00.) H. H. Lattimore, Pa., writes:—"Sold 4 this morning. Never yet turned down." A. G. Witt, Pa., "Received Easy Way yesterday; sold 4 today—not out for orders." Mrs. Gerrish, Mont., ordered sample, then 1 dozen, then 100—(profit over $200.00.) Just made one shipment 1000 Easy Ways to Russian agent. N. Boucher, Mass., orders 75 more, says: "Everybody wants one, best business I ever had." A. S. Verritt, La., sold 9 in one day—(profit $24.00.) So it goes. A Money Landslide.

FREE SAMPLE TO ACTIVE AGENTS

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SENATOR UNDER KNIFE

Operation Is Successful and Lafollette Has Chance for Recovery.

Rochester, Minn., Oct. 4.—Senator Lafollette was operated upon for gallstones today. Eight stones were removed from the gall-bladder. Prospects for recovery are good. All of the gall stones were small.

The following bulletin was issued at 11 a. m.:

"The complications as diagnosed were a slight adhesion of the small intestine to the gall bladder, acute inflammation of the pancreas and enlarged lymphatic gland due to septic matter in the gall bladder.

"The danger will not be over for several days on account of these complications. He stood the operation well and prospects for recovery are good."

The bulletin was signed by Doctors George Kenan, C. H. and W. J. Mayo.

Bulletin Is Reassuring.

The following statement was issued at St. Mary's hospital today just before Senator LaFollette was removed to the operating room: Unless unforeseen complications arise the senator should rally from the operation in a few hours and pass the crisis before noon tomorrow at the latest. He will go under the knife with temperature and pulse normal and with physical and mental resistance unimpaired by the malady. Every indication is that there is not the least ground for alarm."

Senator LaFollette spent a restful night. Today he said he had no misgivings as to the utcome.

BOY'S NECK RESISTS FOUR TONS

Truck Runs Over Philadelphia Lad —Gets Up and Walks Away.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 4.—Ten-year-old Charles Feinel, while playing in front of his home yesterday, slipped and fell in front of a four ton truck used for transporting structural steel.

A front wheel passed over the boy's neck. He got up and walked away as if nothing had happened. Physicians who examined him could find no injury—not even a bruise.

MRS. BOYLE SEEKS NEW TRIAL

Kidnapper of Billy Whitla Charges Illegal Conviction.

Philadelphia, Oct. 4.—Argument heard in the state superior court today in the appeal for a new trial for Mrs. Helen Boyle, now serving a sentence of 25 years for alleged complicity in the kidnaping of little Billy Whitla, of Sharon, Pa. Counsel for Mrs. Boyle contended that the Pennsylvania courts have no jurisdiction in the case, and if the woman did have any hand in the kidnaping she should have been tried by the Ohio courts, in which state the boy was found. Counsel denied that the woman aided and abetted in the kidnaping, but District Attorney Lininger, of Mercer county, opposed the appeal.

RICH SMUGGLER CONFESSES

Pleads Guilty But Says His Did Not Mean Duty Evasion.

New York, Oct. 3.—Mengo L. Morgenthau, the wealthy candy manufacturer, who was indicted by the federal grand jury for an alleged attempt to avoid paying duty on $17,000 worth of jewelry and clothing which he brought over recently on the steamship Mauretania, pleaded guilty today before Judge Hand in the United States circuit court.

Morgenthau's counsel made a plea for clemency on the ground that there was no willful intent to defraud the government. Judge Hand allowed the withdrawal of the plea until Wednesday next, when he will pass sentence.

PITTSBURG HEARS A WARNING

Mayor Calls Attention to Cleveland's Growth.

Pittsburg, Oct. 4.—Mayor Magee addressing the "Hungry Club," urged an early start on the Lake Erie and Ohio ship canal as a means for Pittsburg retaining its prestige as an industrial center. He said:

"The news that Cleveland has increased its inhabitants 47 per cent, while Pittsburg has increased its 16 per cent in the same period, is a shock that has staggered this city, and has compelled our thoughtful people to open their eyes to the fact that something is radically wrong with conditions here."

SLEUTHS AFTER FIREBUG

Rewards for Men Guilty of Los Angeles Outrage Climb to $100,000.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 4.—Under the stimulus of proffered rewards aggregating $100,000, hundreds of policemen, detectives and private citizens in all Pacific coast cities are searching for clews that may lead to the arrest of the conspirators who blew up the Los Angeles Times building last Saturday, causing the death of more than a score of persons, and who attempted the destruction of the houses of Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the Times, and F. J. Zeehandelaar, secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers' association.

Police and civil officers believe that at least three men were concerned in the outrage and the city has placed a price of $10,000 on the head of each. The county yesterday voted an additional reward of $5,000 for every man captured and convicted, and members of the Merchants and Manufacturers' association offered a reward of $50,000, of which $25,000 has been subscribed.

Upon the assumption that at least three men were responsible for the explosion, the combined offers of reward thus approximate almost $100,000, a figure almost unprecedented in the annals of criminal pursuit.

Would End Strikes.

The entire city is thoroughly aroused. One newspaper that has been friendly to union labor yesterday printed a first page editorial demanding that, in view of the strictures directed at the unions in connection with the explosion, the strikes now on be called off.

The State Federation of Labor, which met in convention here yesterday, probably will take action tomorrow, looking toward the appointment of investigators, who will work in connection with the committee named by city officials.

Chief of Police Galloway said yesterday that he expected to have one or all of the conspirators in custody soon. He expected news from San Francisco, whence has come the most promising clew thus far developed.

William J. Burns, a detective employed in the graft cases in San Francisco, is at work in that city with Los Angeles detectives who were sent there on receipt of notification that dynamite, believed to have been the same as that found in the bomb at Zeehandelaar's home, had been purchased at San Francisco by men giving the names of Leonard, Bryson and Morris. Burns and the other detectives, with Attorney Earl Rogers and a powder expert, left for San Francisco last night, immediately after reports concerning Leonard, Bryson and Morris had been received.

Two iron foundries, the Craig shipyard at Long Beach, the Alexandria hotel annex, now in course of construction and several other large steel buildings where there are strikes are heavily guarded.

One Grave for 20 Dead.

Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Times, is protected by a bodyguard. His office and the branch office that houses the editorial and business departments of the Times and the auxiliary plant where the paper is printed also are patrolled.

Many clews are under investigation and in compliance with orders from the chief of police, everyone falling within the police's classification of "undesirable and dangerous" should be taken in, arrests are made almost hourly. These arrests, however, are regarded as merely perfunctory.

Gen. Otis and Harry Chandler, assistant general manager of the Times, are making arrangements for holding one funeral service for all victims of the disaster. A committee consisting of the editors and managers of all the papers in the city are gathering a fund to relieve the families of the victims. The funeral of Churchill Harvey Elder, night city editor of the Times, who died of his injuries a few hours after the explosion and fire, will be held today.

ATTEMPT MADE SATURDAY TO BLOW UP OTIS HOME

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 3.—An attempt to destroy the residence of Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, publisher of the Los Angeles Times, by means of an infernal machine was made late Saturday, following an explosion which caused great loss of life and destroyed the buildings and plant of the Times, and a suspected effort to blow up the auxiliary plant of that paper.

A powerful infernal machine was also found Saturday in the residence of Secretary Zeehandelaar, of the Merchants and Manufacturers' association.

Feeling ran high throughout the city during the day over the Times disaster, and was augmented by the discovery of a dynamite bomb under the residence of Secretary Zeehandelaar. The public reached a state of alarm and consternation when the attempt to blow up Gen. Otis' residence became known.

The Otis home, known as The Bivouac, stands on Wiltshire avenue, in the most fashionable quarter of the city. After the finding of the infernal machine at the Zeehandelaar residence, Detective Rice was sent to The Bivouac to search the premises.

Aided by Charles Focken, the gardener, he found a suit case hidden in a bunch of vines under a bay window on the side of the house fronting Westlake Park. Detective Rice telephoned Chief of Police Galloway, who went immediately to Gen. Otis' house.

The police examined the suit case. Chief Galloway wanted to take it to the police station without opening it.

Rice insisted on opening it there, and finally stuck a knife through the side of the case. A buzz of mechanism was heard inside and smoke oozed out.

Convinced that the suit case contained a bomb, Chief Galloway excitedly ordered the infernal machine rushed over to Westlake Park, where its explosion could do but comparatively little damage.

Rice and Gardener Focken took it up and dashed across the street. Putting it down, they sped away and put about 100 feet between them and the bomb before it went off with a crash that threw the entire neighborhood into a panic.

The infernal machine found at Mr. Zeehandelaar's residence was composed of 15 sticks of giant powder attached to a fuse and set by clockwork to explode at 1 o'clock in the morning, the same hour at which the explosion occurred in the Times office. The bomb was first discovered at the Zeenhandelaar home by a servant, who called a policeman.

Had not some part of the mechanism failed to work the house would probably have been demolished and its inmates killed.

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THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Oct. 4.—Traders bearishly inclined say wheat has no backbone because the American market is too far out of line with Europe. Yesterday Manitoba was 2c above the English buying offers and the United States about 4c. Last week wheat broke 5c and recovered about 1c the last day. Recent selling, however, has wiped out the ground regained and a little more in addition. There was a little better feeling at the outset today owing to higher cables than expected. Another uplifting feature is the consistent shortage of northwest cars compared to a year ago. Toledo cash opened unchanged at 97c, December ⅛c advanced at 99½c, and May ⅛c higher at $1.04¼. The near month dropped the slight gain around 10 a. m.

Reports of locust damage in Argentina had an about face effect, and prices went up a cent or more around 12 o'clock. Cash closed 1c up at 98c, December 1c advanced at $1.00⅝, and March 1⅜c higher at $1.05½.

Unfavorable weather put quite a little strength into corn. Wet weather is not wanted in the corn belt at present. December opened ⅝c higher at 51½c, and May ¼c up at 54⅝c. December advanced ¼c shortly after the opening.

Final corn values: Cash 53c, December 51⅝c, May 54⅜c.

There was some short covering in oats. December opened ¼c up at 35½c and May ⅛c advanced at 38⅜c.

Cash oats finished at 35¼c, December at 35⅜c, May at 38⅝c.

Moisture will work more or less damage in clover fields at this period. Rain reports caused an upturn from 7½c to 10c before 10 a. m. Cash and December opened 7½c higher at $9.22½, December 7½c advanced at $9.20, and March 5c up at $9.20. Cash and the two near futures advanced at $9.25 in the first half hour.

Following the bulge at the outset, clover seed eased off. Cash and October closed 5c lower at $9.10, December 7½c off at $9.05, and March 10c down at $9.05.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Oct. 4.	Oct. 3.
Cash	97	....	....	98	97
Dec.	99¼	....	....	1.00⅝	99⅜
May	1.04¾	....	....	1.05⅜	1.04¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	53	52½
Dec.	51⅛	53	....	51⅝	51½
May	54⅝	54⅝	....	54⅝	54⅜
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	35¼	34⅝
Dec.	35½	....	....	35⅝	35¼
May	38⅝	....	....	38⅝	38½
Clover Seed.—					
Cash	9.22½	9.25	....	9.10	9.15
Oct.	9.22½	9.25	....	9.10	9.15
Dec.	9.20	9.25	....	9.05	9.12½
March	9.20	9.22½	....	9.05	9.15
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	74	74
No. 3	....	....	....	70	70
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.25	4.25
Oct.	....	....	....	4.20	4.20
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.25	9.25
Oct.	....	....	....	9.25	9.25
Dec.	....	....	....	9.10	9.10

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	96⅝	97¼	96¼	97⅜	96¼
May	1.02⅝	....	1.02	1.03⅛	1.02⅛
Nov.	97⅞	....	97⅜	98⅜	96⅝
Corn—					
Dec.	49⅜	50¼	49¼	50	49¼
May	52⅜	53¼	52⅜	53	52⅜
Oct.	....	....	....	50⅝	....
Oats—					
Dec.	32⅝	....	32⅜	33¼	32⅝
May	35⅝	36⅜	....	36⅛	35⅝
Oct.	....	....	....	32¼	....

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.04¼	1.05⅛	....	1.05	1.04¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	98	....	97⅞	98⅜	97⅞
May	1.03¾	1.04¾	....	1.04⅛	1.03¾

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.08	1.07¼
May	....	....	....	1.12⅝	1.11⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.10⅝	1.09¼
May	....	....	....	1.13⅝	1.12⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Oct.	17.55	....	....	17.90	17.60
Jan.	17.40	....	17.35	17.57	17.42
May	16.85	....	16.80	17.00	16.92
Lard—					
Oct.	10.50	....	....	12.55	12.50
Jan.	10.02	....	....	10.52	10.52
May	....	....	....	10.12	10.10
Ribs—					
Oct.	....	....	....	11.07	10.92
Jan.	9.25	9.35	....	9.32	9.22
May	9.20	....	....	9.27	9.25

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Oct. 4.—Hog arrivals were fair and the market was 10c to 15c lower. Other lines were steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.80; good mediums, $8.50@8.60; heavy yorkers, $8.80@8.85; light yorkers, $8.60@8.70; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $8.85@8.90; good pigs, $8.50@8.60; bulk of sales, $8.80@8.90; stags and roughs, $6.00@7.75.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $5.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200, $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $5.25@5.75; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice to fat cows, $5.00@5.25; fair to good cows, $3.00@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.00; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $3.50@4.00; good butcher bulls, $3.25@3.75; fair to good bologna, $3.25@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fate heifers, $4.00@5.00; fair to good heifers, $3.00@4.00; common and light heifers, $2.00@2.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.50@4.00; fair to good, $3.00@3.50; culls and common, $2.00@3